

THE ENTERPRISE

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Manila is becoming Americanized. There is a big gas scandal there.

Mr. Rockefeller has not gone so far as to express a determination to die poor.

The exclusion act was not intended to cover our own goods, but the Chinese won't look at it this way.

The colleges are apparently trying to make "M. A." and "LL. D." as common and meaningless as "Hon."

The Empress Dowager of China has built herself a \$5,000,000 tomb; for such extravagance they ought to put her in it.

So long as John D. Rockefeller is living there is no probability of Ida M. Tarbell retiring because of lack of material.

The New York World gravely asks: "Are pretty teachers best?" Home-lily old ladies will consider such a question ridiculous.

Radium, according to an English scientist, contains the secret of life. But the spunky thing refuses to divulge the secret.

Edison says radium will be as cheap as coal some day. Yet this may only mean that coal will be as expensive as radium some day.

Experts say life insurance premiums are too high. They will not have to furnish figures in order to get the policyholders to believe it.

One of the professors says lying is unnatural and has to be learned. This may be true, but it seldom is necessary to serve a long apprenticeship.

The price of chloroform has been reduced 40 per cent. It is evident that Dr. Osler has not succeeded in causing the demand to exceed the supply.

Professor William James, of Harvard, says education doesn't stop crime. He can't deny, however, that it helps the business of the school-book trust.

Tom Lawson doubtless wonders sometimes what this humbugged and bamboozled old world will do for a friend and adviser when he is taken away from it.

An American has filed a complaint with the State Department alleging that he has been robbed in a St. Petersburg hotel. Curiously enough, he doesn't seem to suspect the landlord.

Ever since he picked up the scepter Emperor William has been credited with a deep, dark desire to start a fight. Will he continue to refuse to make the prophecies of the prophets come true?

Chauncey M. Depew got \$20,000 and David B. Hill \$5,000 a year from the Equitable. Did the Equitable officials estimate the abilities of the gentlemen named in accordance with the gratuities they paid?

The Texas negro that has been sentenced to 1,000 years in the penitentiary will become tired some day of trying to live up to it, and will proceed to cheat the State out of a matter of 950 years or more.

New light on the efficiency of the American law for the restriction of immigration was shed by the debate on the aliens bill in the British House of Commons the other day. The premier, in defending the bill, said that Great Britain had become a sort of sieve through which emigrants entered America. The fit got through and the unfit remained in the British Isles. This applies, of course, only to those who sail from British ports. When Great Britain joins with the United States in prohibiting the entrance of undesirable immigrants it will not be so easy for the countries of continental Europe to dump their incompetents beyond their own boundaries.

It seems impossible for the American public to arouse itself to the point of taking a reasonable and wholesome interest in its own great affairs. It is only in local and sporadic cases, like the uprising in Philadelphia, that one can see even a hint or suggestion of the presence of a sentiment and purpose whose existence in the nation at large is as needful as it is in any locality. It would not be difficult to present a long list of pertinent illustrations of national indifference concerning great national affairs, but one will suffice. The land frauds recently exposed are greater in the aggregate—many times greater—than all other frauds on this nation since the government was created. That is a simple fact, but it is a fact of enormous magnitude. And yet the American people appear to take it as a matter of course, an item in the general order of business.

Physical training has been practically omitted from our curricula, except in the academies and colleges, and even the healthful escape of vitality that was afforded in the old recess yard is now abridged or abolished in dozens of our schools. We do not want to rear a race of anemics. The boy and girl kept crouching over a

desk for hours, and kept from sleep at night by the necessity of doing sums, will become flat-chested, nervous, dyspeptic, unless there is an offset of physical activity for certain periods every day. That activity is best assured when there is a well appointed field in the neighborhood where the scholars can run, jump, put the hammer, play ball and engage in sports and games that, while developing the muscles and assuring health to bodily organs, also do their share in training sight, cultivating decision and improving mental resources.

Here is a unique message of optimism. It is from the Wall Street Journal. In discussing the hopeful things of the day this journal catalogues first "material prosperity" and second, "social unrest," that is to say, popular discontent and popular demands for betterment. It says that "somehow the idea has spread that success is another name for conspiracy"—an idea that is certainly justified by recent revelations of high finance. Because the people are demanding a change in business methods and in the laws some timid souls fear the outcome. But the journal concludes: "We take a different view. We regard the social unrest as being quite as much an occasion for optimism as the material prosperity. If the people were corrupt but contented, if they were prosperous but callous to wrong, the situation would indeed be hopeless. But the unrest which seems so alarming in reality is a sign of hope. It means that the consciences of the people are being stirred, that they are demanding a higher code of morality in the administration of business by corporations, and that progress is making toward loftier standards." The diagnosis, though coming from a rather remarkable source, is believed to be a correct one. This financial journal sees that either the demands of the people for "a higher code of morality" and a more equitable administration of law must be realized—or revolution. There will be no revolution because—the people are uncorrupted; their consciences are stirred; they demand better methods. And because the people are not colluded and because they are righteously restless under grave wrongs they will bring to pass the things that they demand.

ENGLISH FLOWER GARDENS.

Until Parkinson's Time Flowers Received Little Attention.

Edmund Gosse writes delightfully about the first English flower gardens in Harper's Magazine and of the peculiar ideas of those early gardeners: "The first man who defended the flower garden as having an independent right to exist was John Parkinson. Until his time everybody had made excuses for the cultivation of flowers, as if they were an agreeable but frivolous addition to the serious business of fruit trees, medicinal herbs and kitchen produce. Parkinson, who was born in 1567, was an apothecary by trade, and he had a garden in Long Acre, where nothing greener or fresher than coachbuilders' showrooms is cultivated now. He was the earliest to lay down that there were four kinds of horticultural enclosures, namely, of pleasant and delightful flowers, of kitchen herbs and roots, of simples and of fruit trees, and that the first of these must be held to be no less honorable than the others. He probably had a considerable share in getting the deliberate flower garden introduced, perhaps about 1595, and he was much interested in its forms and definition. A great deal of thought had to be expended upon bordering. It was usual to edge the grass plots with thyme, and when flowers were first grown in open beds germander was used to border them. This was a little shrub, Teuclum, from the rocky shores of the Mediterranean, with grayish-violet blossoms. It could be trained to make a dwarf hedge, and it had a pleasant faint scent. Germander, however, soon went out of fashion, because it was found difficult to keep it neat and trim. Great value was then set on strongly perfumed plants, such as lavender, marjoram, thyme and sage for borderings. But when Parkinson wrote his Paradisus in Sole, a generation later, the latest invention for edging was white or bluish pebbles set up in lines."

Some Object Lessons.

A Massachusetts clergyman stood before his congregation with a dog beside him and talked on the subject of kindness to animals. The innovation made a strong impression, but there is no doubt that it opens up a somewhat dangerous precedent. Will the next Massachusetts clergyman who inveighs against horse racing find it necessary to use a live horse for an object lesson? Or if he discusses on the dangers that surround the devoted missionary in oriental lands, will he feel obliged to illustrate his theme with the tiger of the foothills?

There are few good things in this life of ours that can't be overdone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Little Daughter Looks Ahead.

Mamma—My dear, what are you doing?

Little daughter—Making a dolly for my little sister.

Mamma—But you haven't any little sister.

Little daughter—No, not yet, but Sally Stuckup has just got one, and I know we always get everything the Stuckups do.—Illustrated Bits.

Objects to the Role.

"Why did you refuse him?"

"He has a past."

"But he can blot it out."

"Perhaps, but he can't use me as the blotter."—Jester.



"Is it true that the Blopions are living beyond their income?" "Worse than that. They're living beyond their credit."—Brooklyn Life.

Jack (in a museum)—This collection of stuffed animals is said to be valued at thousands of dollars. Flo—Is it possible? What are they stuffed with?—New Yorker.

Deacon Jones—In the better land everything will be made known. Mrs. Prye—Won't that be fine! I've always wondered how old Sarah Wilson was.—Boston Transcript.

"The automobile has not accomplished much in actual business," said the utilitarian. "Oh, yes, it has. It has helped accident insurance a great deal."—Washington Star.

"This meat," protested the boarder, "is overdone." "Not exactly, it ain't," replied the waitress; "it's done over. This is the same meat you had yesterday."—Philadelphia Press.

Flatbroke—I'm sorry I can't pay that bill now—you'll have to wait awhile. And I'd like a suit this spring, too. Tailor—You'll get it. I'm going to start one to-morrow.—Cleveland Leader.

Tired Mother (to restless child)—Now you set still. I've drug you ten miles to enjoy this entertainment and you shall enjoy it if I have to pull every hair out of your head!—Kansas City Independent.

"You can always tell an Englishman," began the Britisher, boastfully. "But it would only be a waste of breath," interrupted the Yankee, "because he thinks he knows it all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Bessie, how many sisters has your new playmate?" "She has one, mamma. She tried to fool me by saying she had two half-sisters; but I guess she didn't know that I studied fractions."—Washington Life.

Typewriter Agent—Pardon me, sir, but may I ask what is the style of your typewriter? Merchant (enthusiastically)—Right up to date. Elbow sleeves, lace insertion shirt-waist, and all that sort of thing.—New York Weekly.

"What kind of a looking man is that chap Gableton you just mentioned? I don't believe I have met him." "Well, if you see two men off in a corner anywhere and one of them looks bored to death, the other one is Gableton."—Puck.

"What conclusion did your literary and debating society reach last night?" "Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "the conclusion was as usual—chicken salad, ice cream, and 'Good-night; had a perfectly lovely time.'"—Washington Star.

Mr. Dresser—Didn't that new nurse come that I engaged for little Clarence? Mrs. Dresser—Oh, yes, but she wouldn't do. She had nothing but blue dresses to wear, and blue you know is only for girl babies. Pink's for boys.—Philadelphia Press.

"Are you going to Europe this summer?" "I don't know," answered Mrs. Cumrox; "going to Europe isn't what it used to be, you know. When a man travels now a lot of people turn up their noses and wonder whether a grand jury is after him."—Washington Star.

Wee Hostess—Mamma, shall I invite Lucy Littany to my party? Mamma—Certainly. She is the minister's daughter. "Do ministers' daughters get invited everywhere?" "Always." "They have lots of fun, I s'pose? I wish my papa was a minister' stead of a miserable sinner."

Mrs. Highbrow—Of course, I am particular about the family my son marries into. Is there any taint in your blood, such as lunacy, for instance. Mr. Newrox—No, madam, and there's not going to be either! I told my daughter if she married your son I'd cut her off without a cent.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Mudge—I do admire the women you draw, Mr. Penink. They are so beautiful and so refined! Tell me, who is your model? [Mrs. Mudge rises in Mrs. Penink's opinion.] Penink—Oh, my wife always sits for me. Mrs. Mudge (with great surprise)—You don't say so! Well, I think you're one of the cleverest men I know! [Mrs. Penink's opinion of Mrs. Mudge falls below zero.]—Punch.

"My dear," said a patient wife who had been studying the war news, "if I were to marry again I would marry a Russian." "What's the trouble now?" inquired the husband tremulously. "When you came home last night you left your hat and umbrella on the dining room table, your collar and necktie were under the chair and your watch this morning is run down. A Russian can at least retire in good order!"

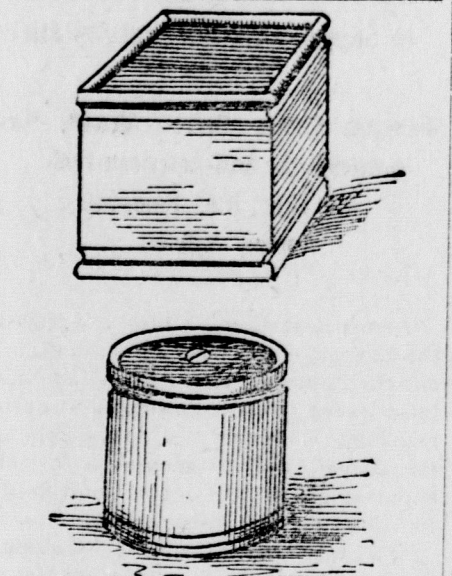
Mrs. B.—I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her two years' stay at college? Mrs. Proudmother—La, yes! Mary Elizabeth is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently improvises music. But she ain't a bit stuck up—she's unamiable to everybody, and she never keeps a calder waitin' for her to dress; she just runs in non de plume, and you know that makes one feel so comfortable.—Lippincott's.

To the man working in the sun: The man lying in the shade isn't having as good a time as you think he is.

KEGS MADE OF PULP.

Newly Patented Process to Supplant Packages of Wood.

One-piece fiber, of compressed pulp packages, have not become as popular as was at one time believed they were destined to do, owing principally to the difficulty of molding these into proper liquid proof shapes, except at great expense of time and labor. In their manufacture a pulp, such as paper is made from, is pumped to a machine in which it is compressed into the desired shape of the main body of the package. The ends are subsequently closed by heads which rest upon suitably formed internal flanges and the body extending beyond these heads is then bent or crimped down upon the heads, thus holding them in place. It is just here that the practical difficulties of manufacture are encountered. In order to effect a bending, or cementing, of the several parts into



PACKAGE MADE OF PULP.

one homogeneous whole, it is essential that the main body of the package should not have lost too much of its original moisture, yet if it is not pretty dry it is incapable of withstanding the considerable handling incident to bending and crimping. A Wilmington inventor, however, has discovered that kegs and other difficult-shaped packages may be readily made of pulp if a binder, or cementing material, is added to the pulp. This binder will set or knit sufficiently to bind the pulp fibers together before the water has entirely passed off. It can, therefore, be worked while still in a moist condition and will stand the necessary handling or bending. Moreover, the moisture remaining in the pulp enables the head to be firmly grasped by shrinkage of the body, which is a large factor in producing a durable moisture proof package. It is believed that besides kegs, boxes, pails and other commercial packages, that even bathtubs may be manufactured of pulp under the new process.

WHAT HIS JOB WAS WORTH.

Corporation Official Given Plain Hints by a Well-Wisher.

Some months ago an officer holding an important executive post in one of the greater corporations received a kindly, almost neighborly, call from one of his fellow directors. This officer had returned from a brief vacation trip. The fellow director said to him that in view of their long friendship and their respect and admiration each for the ability and achievements of the other, he was going to speak somewhat plainly to that officer. Then he put this question bluntly to him: "What would you be willing to pay to keep your place?"

It seemed a strange question. The executive officer did not know at first what to make of it. He saw, of course, that there was some kindly, although hidden, purpose in the question, and so he answered in the spirit in which the inquiry was put. He said that, of course, if it were necessary and was the proper thing to do, he would rather pay a large sum of money than to lose that office, for it represented his ambition and was in line with his achievements. "But I do not know what you are driving at," this officer continued.

Then the officer was told that while, of course, it was impossible to take seriously the question, "What money are you willing to pay to hold the office?" nevertheless there was a price which he would have to pay, and that price was this: He must give up ostentatious living, he must be especially careful to observe local ordinances, not driving recklessly with his automobile, he must be careful to keep all the appearances of propriety, he must do all things that a sober-minded, self-respecting citizen should do, and if his disposition led him to genteel dissipation, riotous living or to ostentation, then the giving up of those things was the price he would have to pay if he desired to keep his office. And the reason why that price was exacted was that as officer of a corporation in which the public has invested heavily he must necessarily heed public opinion, even in the conduct of his private life.—New York Letter in Philadelphia Press.

Getting Too Near the Bear.
Cholly—I s-say, guide; I think we are following these bear tracks in the wrong direction.

Guide—Oh, no. We will soon catch up with him.

Cholly—T-that's what I m-meant.—Judge.

Kind.

Bess—I have the kindest brother on earth. He turns aside for a worm.

Tess—That's nothing. My sister refuses to boil her drinking water because it kills the microbes!—Detroit Tribune.

MOSQUITOES SPREAD YELLOW FEVER, WHOSE SYMPTOMS ARE DESCRIBED.



An acute specific disease. Restricted to certain geographical limits. Characterized by a high fever of short duration, gastro-intestinal disturbances, hemorrhages into the skin and mucous membrane, and a yellow tint of the skin. First recognized definitely in West Indies in 1647. It is infectious. Prevails in the West Indies, west coast of Africa, South America and northward to the South Atlantic and Gulf States. It has been brought to north Atlantic seaports by vessels. The mosquito is blamed for spread of the disease. Frost stops yellow fever. Survivors of one attack of yellow fever become immune from further attacks.

The yellow fever germ has not yet been discovered. Some authorities say the disease is caused by a toxin, not a germ. Yellow fever develops usually from three to four days after infection. Sometimes it takes seven days. The attack comes on with severe chills or rigors when it comes suddenly. It may come on more gradually with languor, headache and malarial symptoms. The temperature goes to 105 degrees, sometimes higher. The fever lasts from three to five days, attended with pains in the back, limbs and head. There is nausea and vomiting. The yellow tint of the skin, from which the fever gets its name, begins on the second or third day.

In severe cases small hemorrhages take place into the skin and mucous membrane. The vomit is at first white. Later it becomes very dark, and in appearance like coffee, when it is known as "black vomit." There is bleeding at the nose, mouth and gums. Delirium usually follows, then unconsciousness, and death. Mortality varies. In some epidemics it has been as high as 85 per cent. In others as low as 10 per cent.

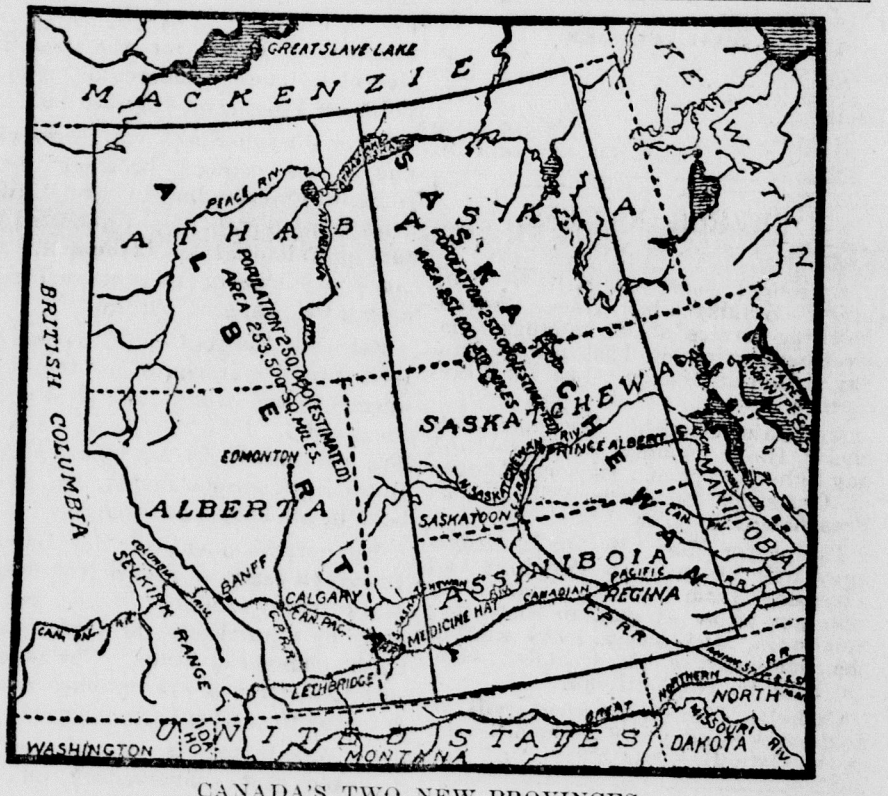
Heat, moisture, bad drainage, uncleanness and unhygienic conditions favor the disease, but the mosquito is most of all responsible. Experts seem to agree that the first step to combat the spread of the fever is to attack the mosquito.

Complete rest and careful dieting constitute the principal treatment for yellow fever. Different drugs are used to help assist the body and organs toward a natural condition.

TWO NEW CANADIAN PROVINCES

With Saskatchewan and Alberta the Dominion Will Have Nine "States." The word province in Canada has the same significance as the word State in our country. When we say, therefore, that the Dominion has organized and is about to take in two new provinces it means that the seven States are about to be increased to nine. The seven provinces are Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Manitoba and British Columbia. The two new provinces are Alberta and Saskatchewan. The interior department at Ottawa has issued a map showing the boundaries of these two enormous new provinces, and the map printed here has been made from it. It is thirty-eight years since the Dominion of Canada was formed by the

ritories, and the country will keep filling with people for years to come, for the lands still unoccupied are almost boundless. As yet, the newcomers have hardly more than touched the outskirts of the wheat lands. Manitoba is only one-fourth as large as the old territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but she had over 2,000,000 acres in wheat last year, while the territories gathered a wheat crop from only 575,697 acres. This acreage in the territories was a mere bagatelle compared with their enormous area of fine farm lands. The government, after careful investigations, has reached the conclusion that the amount of desirable farm lands still unappropriated in Assiniboia is 19,000,000 acres; in Saskatchewan, 17,000,000, and in Alberta, 16,000,000 acres. It will take hundreds of thousands



CANADA'S TWO NEW PROVINCES. In the map the two new provinces are shown by the black lines; the dotted lines indicate the territories out of which they are formed.

confederation of the provinces then existing. That was the birth of Canada as a nation. Two years later the British Parliament passed the Rupert's land act, which provided for the acquisition by the Dominion of the vast prairies of the West, which were called the Northwest Territories. It had already been discovered that wheat was a wonderful crop in the southeast part of this region, and so many settlers flocked into the little corner called Manitoba that in 1870 this territory was admitted into the confederation as a province. As a State of the Dominion, Manitoba is just one year older than British Columbia.

But none of the other four big territories has ever had a government of its own. Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca were simply lumped together as the Northwest Territories. They had a common capital at Regina, Assiniboia, and have always been ruled, under the Dominion Parliament, by a Lieutenant Governor and an Executive Council. Out of these four territories the two new States have been formed and the Northwest Territories will now disappear from the maps.

The fact is that territorial government for them is no longer suitable, because their interests are becoming large and complex. In 1901 their population was 158,940. No census has been taken since, but the Canadian government estimates their population today at about 500,000.

Over three-fifths of the large immigration that began to pour into Canada in 1901 has settled in three of these territories. The tide of pioneers is pouring over these wheat and cattle lands of Canada.

It has not yet reached Athabasca, but farmhouses and hamlets have been spreading over the three southern ter-

of farmers to cut up all this land into homesteads, but the process is going on, and when these lands are all parceled out settlers will begin to move into Athabasca, whose agricultural capabilities have just been investigated in a comparatively thorough manner, and it is said, with astonishingly favorable results.

The government of Canada is to pay to each province the sum of \$50,000 a year for the support of its government and legislature. The Dominion lands will continue to be vested in the crown, but the Canadian government will compensate the provinces for them by a series of annual payments. The present estimated value of the public lands is \$1.50 an acre.

The map shows that the two provinces take in all the territory of the four territories excepting a little of the eastern parts of Athabasca and Saskatchewan.

The time will probably come when it will be deemed best to divide these provinces again into smaller ones. Each of them is about four times as large as New York State, and their total territory is about as large as Central Europe.

This is a great region, which, with Manitoba, is estimated by the Deputy Minister of Agriculture to be destined within ten years to produce annually 350,000,000 bushels of wheat, 200,000,000 bushels of oats, and 50,000,000 bushels of barley, and this without cropping more than about one-third of the tillable area.

The two provinces divide the vast area nearly equally. Regina will be the capital of Saskatchewan; the capital of Alberta will be temporarily at Edmonton until the Legislature of that province decides upon its permanent situation.—Washington Post.

When a man keeps his own counsel he hasn't much use for a lawyer.



A Stirrup Race.

This new athletic pastime is a very amusing "event," and is "run off" with one leg hobbled to the broomstick, which takes its place. A look at the accompanying drawing will show you how to prepare for the stirrup race.

Procure a long, thin pole. Then attach the leather or rope stirrup, which can be easily prepared by making a noose in one end and tying the other end to the upper part of the stick. The stirrup should be about four feet long.



THE RACER AT FULL SPEED.

so you will have no difficulty in throwing it over your shoulder.

The rules are very simple. The suspended foot in the stirrup must not touch the ground nor the stirrup length be removed from its position over the shoulder. A hundred-yard "dash" will be plenty long enough for the course.

Origin of Old Glory.

In the reminiscences of Lord Ronald Gower is found a story of the origin of the Stars and Stripes.

The "star-spangled banner" of the American republic has its origin from an old brass on the floor of Brington Church, in Northamptonshire. The brass covers the tomb of one Robert Washington, and is dated 1622. On it appears the Washington coat of arms, consisting of three stars, with bars or stripes beneath them. On the first day of the new year, 1776, the thirteen united colonies raised a standard at Washington's headquarters.

This introduced the stripes of the present, but retained the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue ground in the corner; in 1777 the crosses were replaced by stars, as the Declaration of Independence rendered the retention of the English element unnecessary and inconvenient. In thus adopting the arms of his ancestors as his own distinctive badge Washington no doubt intended the flag merely as a private signal for his own personal following, but it was at once adopted as a national emblem. Probably there is not another case in the world's history in which the private arms of an obscure family have attained such world-wide eminence and repute.

Mary's Little Lamb.

The "Mary who had a little lamb" was a Massachusetts little girl. The lamb was thrust out of the pen by its unnatural mother. Mary took care of it, and it became a great pet.

One day when the lamb was to be taken to the pasture no lamb was to be found. Hearing Mary singing on her way to school, her pet had quietly trotted after. On reaching the door Mary carried it in and hid it in her desk. There it lay perfectly quiet, covered with Mary's shawl, until Mary was sent to her spelling class. The lamb trotted after her, and, as children then were very much like children now, of course they laughed. The teacher reproved Mary until she explained the situation, when she allowed her to take her pet home.

It happened that on that morning a young man named Rawlston, who was preparing for Harvard, was at school. A few days later he produced three verses of the poem. How they came to be published is not known. The young man died soon afterward, not knowing of the immortality of his verses.

Mary's lamb lived many years and finally came to its death at the horns of an angry cow.

Poor Richard's Almanac.

Dr. Franklin himself, in one of the last numbers of the almanac, gathered together all the best sayings of Poor Richard, which for twenty-five years had amused and edified the country. These sayings are in constant use at this day. For example: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." "Drive thy business; let it not drive thee." "Help hands, for I have no lands." "No gains without pains." "Constant dropping wears away stones." "Three removes are as bad as a fire." "He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive." "A fat kitchen makes a lean will." "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." It was such homely maxims as these, inserted in all the little gaps of the almanac, that made it so popular. Franklin said he some-

times sold 10,000 copies in a year, a wonderful sale for that day. The first number of Poor Richard's Almanac appeared in 1732.

An Amusing Trick.

Say to a person: "If you will stand on a chair in this room, I can make you come down the very first time I tell you!" The person will probably say you can do nothing of the sort; however, he will get on to the chair just to show you that he doesn't mean to come down directly he's told.

As soon as he is up on the chair, say, "Come down!" He will, of course, say, "I shan't do anything of the sort!" Then you answer, "Very well, then; unless you wish to remain there for the rest of your life you will have to come down off that chair the first time I tell you, because I do not intend to tell you a second time!"

Then, amid much laughter, he will have to admit that he is "done"—and descend from the chair.

Just Being Happy.

Just being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side,
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely to the choosing.
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.

Just being happy

Helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy
And they not strong.
And your own sky will lighten
If other skies you brighten
With a heart full of song.
—Ezra D. Saunders.

Fight with Huge Sea Bat.

Imagine a jet black bat of fifteen or more feet across, with a long, slender tail, the fins rising and falling like wings with a motion the perfection of grace; wings jet black above, pure white below, flashing alternately black and white as the fishes turned and swung along, standing out against the mauve tint of the bottom with wonderful distinctiveness. They bore a remarkable resemblance to bats and were the bats of the sea.

As the dinghy moved nearer I saw that rare spectacle—a huge ray turn completely over, throwing a somersault as it swung around, a picture of grace, yet never losing its position, presenting for a few seconds beautiful lines attuned to perfect grace. I was fascinated by this singular performance, characteristic of these giant fishes, and might have remained inactive had not the dinghy reached a point when it was apparent they must see us.

I permitted one, two, three to go slowly whirling on, then, selecting one that was headed up the lagoon in the direction of the cul-de-sac, I hurled the quivering grain pole into the black shadow just as it was about to turn. I heard the quick thud, saw the pole leap from the socket, heard the Indian plying his oar to head the dinghy up the reef, and then the very bottom of the sea seemed to rise into the air as the great bat-like creature rose bodily from a maelstrom of spray, offering a vision of beating wings that deluged boat and occupants; then it fell with a resounding crash, the big waves from the impact careening the dinghy.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Curious Deep Sea Vision.

A French writer in a scientific magazine tells of the great ocean depths of 28,000 to 30,000 feet, the temperature tending toward zero, the perpetual darkness reigning below depths of about 1,280 feet. At that level plants, deprived of light, cannot exist. The animal life must be carnivorous. The organs of sight, not being used, have become atrophied and disappeared.

Yet there is light even in that sightless world. A German exploring ship found a fish with enormous eyes at a depth of 6,400 feet. Phosphorescence is common in these hollows of the sea. Sometimes special organs flash light. Sometimes the phosphorescence is caused by a mucous secretion on the surface of the animal. The crustacean chrysophorus has not only huge eyes, but luminous organs, including what are, in effect, a reflector and a lens.

Certain cephalopods have actually been photographed by their own light. The luminous organs attached to the eyes allow the animal to see its prey. The other luminous organs may perhaps be a lure to the prey. The deep-sea life that swims sees. The eyeless creatures are sedentary and do not need to see. Thus, even in that vast darkness, there is sufficiency of light.—Everybody's Magazine.

Our Great Coal Areas.

Pennsylvania is the great coal mining State of the Union, its anthracite and bituminous products each exceeding the total combined output of any other State. About 142,000,000 tons were mined in Pennsylvania in 1904, and 35,000,000 in Illinois, which stood second on the list. The eastern part of Pennsylvania possesses almost a monopoly of the anthracite bearing areas, the only other such areas in the United States being in Gunnison County, Col., and in Santa Fe County, New Mexico. The bituminous areas are scattered widely over the United States, and comprise altogether more than 335,000 square miles. The most productive of these is the Appalachian system, embracing parts of western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia and Alabama. As compared with these vast areas, as yet only slightly touched, it is interesting to note that the coal areas of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and Spain, combined, are equal to only 15,800 square miles. The extent of the coal fields at present opened to mining in the United States is more than five times as great as that of the coal fields of all western Europe.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



IT'S mighty easy to spurn the bribe that is not offered you.

Every lie is a greater loss with-in than any gain that can come from without.

Not the things we have, but the things we are, constitute our permanent possessions.

Sin's web is of our weaving.

Faithfulness is its own fruit.

His work waits for our wills.

Wisdom has no bargain-days.

There is no vision without virtue.

Ideals are the parents of the real.

Service is the measure of success.

Every luxury has many relations.

Faith has no knowledge of failure.

Gold always lies under rough rocks.

Our problems are His providences.

Spiritual birth knows no social barriers.

No harvest is reaped without hard-ness.

Helpers of men find the help of Heaven.

No solid work was ever done by a man looking for a soft place.

A change of character accomplishes more than a change of climate.

It is hard to love men unless you have learned to loathe mammon.

There can be no spiritual interest where there is no soul investment.

The devil always gets out an extra edition when some saint goes wrong.

What we count the building of life may be but God's blasting for foundations.

Self-born aspiration may hit the roof with a thud, but it will never break through.

If the devil is dead his successors know a whole lot more about human nature than he did.

The strange thing is that a man who is satisfied with so little in himself demands so much in others.

Many men are trying to straighten the universe with fingers that have done nothing else but get things into a tangle.

There are some people who think that Heaven will reward them for giving the church a dime for a dollar entertainment.

When one really loves God nothing gives greater happiness than giving.

Parents need to remember that children learn twice as much with their eyes as with their ears.

MEDICAL ETHICS AT BAR.

Professional Rules as Against the Demands of Public Safety.

A curious problem in medical ethics is propounded by a London physician and decided according to medical ethics by the British Medical Journal. This doctor has a patient who is a signalman on a railway, and the doctor has discovered that the patient has heart disease. Obviously that ailment comprises the possibility of a stroke just when the man's services may be needed to prevent disaster.

The physician advises him to quit the place, but the latter declines to do so, for fear he may find no other way to earn a living. The physician thinks that the professional rule that he must tell no secrets of his patient forbids him to disclose the facts to the railway company. The Medical Journal, when appealed to, decides that it does, and that the physician's responsibility ceases when he advises the patient to give up the job.

But this places the rule of medical ethics above the rule of public safety, and suggests that the law may be required to assert its superiority. The fact is that the law has already done so, on subjects involving the principle of the case. The fact that a patient has a contagious disease is primarily as much of a professional secret as that he has heart disease. Yet the law in every civilized country requires physicians to report every case of contagious disease that involves a peril to the public. That is the principle that should rule.

There is no law enacted to cover exactly this case, but the principle remains that it is the duty of a physician, knowing professionally of something that involves a public peril, to take steps to prevent the danger. The medical decision to the contrary illustrates the necessity of construing professional ethics in harmony with the higher and broader principles of public duty.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Bitter Sweet.

"They call it 'sweet sixteen,'" sighed the girl, "and yet this is the bitterest hour of my life."

"What is it, dear?" said her friend.

"It is the day for me to take my diploma," she confessed, "and my graduation dress doesn't fit."—Detroit Free Press.

Now They Do Not Speak.

The first dear girl was showing her engagement ring.

"Don't you admire his taste?" she asked.

"Yes," answered dear girl No. 2.

"As far as jewelry is concerned I do."—Detroit Tribune.

A man's wife may not object if he becomes economical with his kisses six months after marriage, but she's sure to kick if he acts the same way with his money.

To find work, go to work and look for it.



What's the use of making trouble when it's with you every day—

What's the use of doing things in the most inconvenient way—

What's the use of hunting worry?

What's the use to fret and stew, When there's not a ghost of reason To believe it eases you?

What's the use of lamentation when a good thing passes by—

What's the use, when you may laugh and shout, to turn it to a cry—

What's the use of breeding frenzy And indulging in a howl

When the world is not disposed to Listen to your peevish growl?

What's the use of blaming others for the fault that is your own—

What's the use of shifting burdens you should carry all alone—

Will it make your burden lighter If the world refuses to Weep about the home-made troubles That have made their home with you?

What's the use? —Home Monthly.

What's the use of naming the baby.

At a certain period in most girls' lives there is a sentimental liking for romantic and uncommon names; and, if the girl marries young, it frequently extends to the birth of the first children.

As a consequence, men and women of middle age often resent the name bestowed upon them by the young mother, which is sometimes decidedly inappropriate to their personal appearance and character.

Business women, who must sign their full name many times, are rarely pleased with a fanciful one. A rising physician recently said that one of the greatest drawbacks to her success that she must constantly encounter was her Christian name Ninetta, the prefix of Dr. before it made such an incongruous combination. "How often I have wished it was Hannah or some other homely, sensible name."

Mothers would do well to bear in mind the fact that women are more and more entering into business and professional lives, and the present generation of girl babies may some day be grateful for the plain Mary and Susan and Elizabeth, which, of late years, have been looked upon with disfavor.

Picture Frames.

Unless you have tried it you cannot imagine what pretty and inexpensive picture frames can be made of wall paper. Select paper of a small design or of plain color and cover the panels which have been cut from heavy cardboard, turning the edges over and gluing in place. Place the front panels in a row close together, face down, and lay a piece of ribbon at the top and bottom to form hinges. The backs are then glued to these, except the lower edge, which is left open to slip the photograph in. Place a board over this with a heavy weight until dry.

Some very effective frames for large photographs are made of flowered designs and are quite as pretty as hand-painted ones if fine, carefully selected paper is used. Some of the tapestry papers make excellent frames and screens and are also effective for covering shirt-waist boxes.

Where Many Laces Mingle.

All tight, carelessness may ruin its hang in a little while. Although the new skirts take a good deal of material to make them, it is not at all likely this extreme fullness will prevail for walking skirts of heavier woollens as the season advances.

Drop skirts are the rule for all thin woollens, and of course silks. The newest models for very thin materials have been a strip of featherbone inserted in the dust ruffle, through the half-inch hem. Another ruffle is then placed beneath this, on the inside of the drop skirt, in order to keep the boned ruffle in place. This is only necessary with very thin materials.

Don't Marry and Settle Down.

What can I say to the married girls to keep them from "settling down"? That is a common phrase, "to marry and settle down." Don't do it, girls! Not that I would for one moment counsel you to neglect your husband or your home, or to look for the same kind of attention and fun you had while you were single. That would be foolish. But don't feel that you have won the goal of all your ambitions, and that it is not worth while to take any special pains to keep yourselves up, says the Louisville Courier-Journal.

I have seen so much of that sort of thing! The girl who would not for the world that her beloved should see her anything but fresh and attractive in appearance marries him, and immediately relapses into curl papers and careless breakfast dress. She used to plan to make her evenings pleasant. Now she often meets him untidy and fretful. Yes, I know the day's work has been hard, but make the same effort for him that you would for a stranger. Try to keep your girl's fondness for looking well and for making yourself interesting. It pays! If I could induce you married girls to live up to my ideals in this respect, I can hear your husbands arising and calling me blessed.

Another form of "settling down" I want to keep you girls from is that of losing ambition about your mental improvement. So many stop cultivating their minds and drop their accomplishments when they get husbands—as if that were all the minds and the accomplishments were for. Look about you, married girls! Don't let the daily

The use of several laces in the new gowns is a fad that Dame Fashion applauds vigorously, and so far from making a patchy effect the one design is cleverly used to offset the beauties of the other.

It is no uncommon thing to see the fine meshes and the net laces touched up with medallions of coarse guipure,

and perhaps trimmings of radium silk or satin make a finish to the lace gown.

The illustration shows the draped net lace, one of recent production, mounted on chiffon, and with radium silk in opaline shadings defining the little bolero, edging the sleeve drapery and furnishing the sash.

The skirt has the upper part of lace and the lower of the radium silk, this latter inset with medallions of Russian lace; and a little featherbone crinoline run in the hem to afford just the right swing.



There is danger in the short skirts for the amateur dressmaker or seamstress, in that if they are not cut evenly, or rather hung evenly, their beauty is lost. An uneven skirt, one which hangs down more at the back than in front, or hitches up too much in the front, is an abomination. The skirt must be slightly shorter in back than in front, and it must be cut properly in order to preserve this "hang."

Walking skirts should not be worn in the house, and the wearer of a well-fitting skirt must be careful how she sits and stands in it, for if it is at

round of duty at home absorb you, to the exclusion of everything else. Have your part in fun, study and charity, and, believe me, you will keep house and make your husband happy all the better for it.

Thimbles.

The thimble was originally called a thumb bell by the English, because worn on the thumb, then a thumblor, and finally its present name. It was a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England in 1695. Thimbles were formerly made only of iron and brass, but in comparatively late years they have been made of gold, silver, steel, horn, ivory and even glass and pearl. In China beautiful carved pearl thimbles are seen, bound with gold and with the end of gold. The first thimble introduced into Siam was a bridal gift, from the king to the queen; it is shaped like a cactus bud, made of gold and thickly studded with diamonds arranged to spell the queen's name.

The Most Useful Usefulness.

It is not easy for a young woman to decide what sort of accomplishments and possessions will be really useful to her in life. For example, the ability to work out a problem in algebra, skill in playing accompaniments on the piano, a knowledge of cooking, an appreciation of great poetry, may displace with one another for place in her education.

When it comes to her choice of things, who shall help her settle the claims of a set of Shakespeare as against a new gown, or a good photograph of the Sistine Madonna as against a dictionary, or a piano as compared with a summer at an expensive seaside hotel?

The young woman may well address herself to distinguishing the really useful from the really useless in life. Whatever makes her days and those of her family richer

ROUGH AND TUMBLE TOGS.



and fuller is useful. If the piano makes attractive the center of the home life in winter evenings it is worth ten times the joys of a summer hotel. If a love for Wordsworth's sonnets comes into her life to allay perplexity over the adapting of household expense to income, Wordsworth is more "useful" even than more money would be. The enlarged income might again be reduced, but the deep sense would remain of Wordsworth's truthfulness when he wrote:

The world is too much with us.

It may at first sight seem a paradox, but it is nevertheless true that of all the useful havings of a woman, the most useful is an ideal.—Youth's Companion.

Wedding Gown.

Wedding gown of white chiffon satin, with panel front of silk mouseline, with lace design. Lace bertha and flounce.



Sleeves composed of ruffles of the lace.

How to Toughen Boys.

If you want to make an all-around, good-for-nothing tough out of your boy just butt in and take his side on every question which comes up between him and the teacher, and if you want him to have a good start to the penitentiary be sure and let him know that he can always depend upon your assistance, in whatever trouble he may get into in school, right or wrong.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.

Owing to the many complaints received by the Land and Improvement Company about the unfairness of the present system of water rates, the company has decided to meter all consumers. A large supply of meters was purchased last week and will be immediately put in service. The rate charged will be 25 cents per thousand gallons. This rate is much cheaper than the rate in the city or any other locality where water companies do business in this State. The rate in San Mateo is 26 3/4 cents.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

- A low tax rate.
- An equable and healthful climate.
- The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.
- Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.
- A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.
- An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.
- Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the Bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.
- Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.
- Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.
- An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Lumber Industry Booming.

Tacoma, Wash.—Radically different from a year ago is the present condition of the lumber situation in Washington, where thousands of lumber and shingle mills are engaged in the largest industry of the Pacific Northwest. Last year the demand slumped and many of the mills closed. Now both rail and cargo mills are overwhelmed by orders. The wholesalers have called in their salesmen, because orders taken now cannot be filled within any specified time. Many mills have orders booked that will keep them in operation for three months. A large proportion of these orders are for future delivery in the Eastern states, where timber must be used before the winter.

Too Many Mining Engineers.

Berkeley. — Professor Samuel B. Christy, head of the department of mining and metallurgy at the University of California, in a bulletin on "Present Problems in Training of Mining Engineers," just issued by the University, has made the statement that the mining schools are turning out too many graduates. He has carefully studied the figures in the last three census enumerations and he finds that the field of mining engineering is being oversupplied by the mining schools of America, necessitating, in his opinion, a restriction of the number of such institutions and a distinct elevation of the standards for their degrees.

Two Youths Killed by Explosion.

Santa Fe, N. M.—Two youths named Jose Martinez and Hudoro Romero were killed by the explosion of a box of dynamite they used for a target half a mile from Chama, Rio Arriba county. The boys were rabbit hunting. Not finding any game, when they reached the powder-house of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company near Chama, they set up a box of dynamite as a target. The box contained 400 pounds of the explosive and its explosion set off four tons of powder. In Chama many window panes were broken.

American Circus Stranded Abroad.

Grenoble, France.—Destitute persons belonging to the stranded McCaddon's American circus are in a pitiable condition. The management of the circus has not transmitted funds for their maintenance. An influential committee of American residents of Paris is raising a public subscription, and is resolved to sue the circus managers before a court in the United States for the amount expended by the committee.

Topics of the Times

The State Forester of Massachusetts urges the study of forestry in the public schools.

The American Peace Society of New York has already raised \$21,000 of the \$100,000 necessary for its new building.

Cy Perkins, the New Hampshire millionaire, who died the other day, never drove anything swifter than a pair of steers.

Maxim Gorky, the "tramp author," is said to have made \$125,000 in the publishing business with four other Russian authors.

Under a new law, Illinois, during the next two years, will spend \$50,000 in building good roads to serve as samples of what is desirable in that respect.

An Englishman says that the people of the United States are nerve-racked, bald-headed, gray-headed, catarrhal people, who do not know how to live.

The remains of a big sea reptile, said to be the first of its kind known to scientists, have been dug out of the limestone in Humboldt County, Nevada, and shipped to the University of California.

United States Commissioner Shields, of New York, put on his first pair of shoes a few days ago. From boyhood up he had stuck to old-fashioned boots, and the new footgear caused him no end of trouble.

Two carts, full of bread, drawn by horses, were utilized to supply the guests at a gigantic wedding feast at Serignac, in Brittany, at which 1,000 persons were present, and seventeen whole oxen were consumed.

Gen. G. W. Mindell, the United States officer who appraises all the diamonds coming to the port of New York, says they have increased fully 50 per cent during the last ten years, and that the increase is bound to continue.

The Imperial decree regarding the appropriation of temples for schools, says the Shanghai North China Herald, is being carried out in Anhui. At Luchoufu, four very large images, servants to the god of literature, have been torn down to make room for little Chinese boys to study English.

On landing in Australia, says a writer in Nature Notes, our live bees industriously collected quantities of honey. Finding, however, that there was no winter such as we have in England, it gave up laying in stores. Its morals are corrupted, for it is no longer "busy," and leads a butterfly life.

In the course of a case in an English court the other day one of the counsel said there were four speeds at which motorists traveled. They were (a) the speed the policeman said; (b) the speed the chauffeur told the magistrate; (c) the speed the chauffeur told his friends in a public house, and (d) the real speed.

The adopted daughter and heiress of the late Collis P. Huntington—the well-known railway magnate—Princess Hatzfeldt—has long been a recognized leader of Anglo-American society. Fond of country life, she goes in greatly for hunting and entertains her friends magnificently at Drayton manor, her beautiful place in Wiltshire.

At the opening of Countess Fabrice's millinery shop in London, James Van Allen is said to have exhibited his love for lavish expenditure by buying forty hats and presenting them to his woman friends, including the Duchess of Manchester, her daughter, Lady Cunard, and Princess Hatzfeldt—all of which was very fine and good for trade.

In Paris, the Countess Boni de Castellane (one of Jay Gould's daughters), who continues to lavish money on all possible objects, is said to display more jewels than the old noble families approve. At a soiree she wore for the first time a collar of pearls so large and so beautiful as to make universal comment, as it was thought to be in bad taste.

Some queer blunders are made in addressing royalty and other titled personages. Lady Dufferin, in India, was once addressed as "Your Enormity." An Abyssinian missive came to Queen Victoria addressed to the "Queen of Kings, Empress of the Great Red Sea." Her Highland tenants used to say: "Come awa' in and sit down, Queen Victoree."

Hume, the historian, found himself one day at a social dinner, next to Lord John Russell. In the course of conversation his lordship said: "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number," was Hume's answer. "And what do you consider the greatest number?" continued Lord John Russell. "No, 1, my lord," was the historian's reply.

Marquis de Vilana and Count Torres de Cabrera, two Spaniards of ancient lineage, are opponents in a lawsuit which was begun in 1517 and is still sub judice. The case concerns a pension, and the accumulated sum in dispute would have reached fabulous millions had not four centuries of attorneys, barristers and court officials taken considerable measures of appropriation to prevent it becoming too unwieldy to be dealt with.

The famous yacht Puritan, defender of the America's cup against the British yacht Genesta in 1885, has been sold at public auction in Boston to O'Connor Brothers, metal dealers, for

\$4,025. It will probably be broken up. The Puritan, which cost \$30,000 to build, was designed by Edward Burgess for a syndicate of American yachtsmen headed by Gen. C. J. Faine. After the victory, Gen. Faine purchased her for \$13,000.

THIEF A JEKYLL AND HYDE.

At Least, Famous (?) and Successful Ones Lead Double Life.

"Every crook will tell you," said a detective sergeant to the Kansas City Star, "that the successful criminal is not only characterized by deeds of daring and audacity, but that he is pretty sure to cover his burglaries, swindles or forgeries, as the case may be, by living a sort of double life. If possible, he will live in a neighborhood where about the only occupation of the policeman is to flirt with the servant girls. He will even go to the extent of attending the neighboring church and win great popularity among the congregation by his efforts to improve the minds and morals of his fellow creatures."

"Take the case of a certain man who lived in Newark a few years ago, and who is now in Trenton prison serving out a sentence for a jewel theft. This man lived in fine style in Newark for a considerable time and frequently drove his own carriage along Ocean avenue at Long Branch.

"He was regarded as a man of considerable means and the news of his arrest for a series of thefts, which the judge described as deliberate and cruel, fell like a thunderbolt upon his extensive circle of acquaintances, that was quite a fashionable one.

"This man was in the habit of making periodical visits to New York, when he would engage rooms at a high-priced hotel, ransack the bedrooms of the establishment, pawn the stolen articles and then return to Newark, where he lived a life of high respectability until it became necessary to replenish his exchequer again.

"A few years ago the people of Cincinnati were astonished at the arrest of a man who was regarded as one of their most worthy citizens on the charge of committing a burglary. This man had a number of aliases; Thompson was the one he most frequently used. He posed before the public as a retired merchant, and his charitable work gained for him much popularity. But it was when the people of Cincinnati were asleep that he came out in his true character.

"For some time he escaped the police, until a clever detective was successful in tracing him as the perpetrator of numerous burglaries, including a bank robbery, by which Thompson netted about \$10,000. With part of the money which he thus obtained he actually founded a private infirmary, which he superintended personally and paid for the maintenance of six old and infirm people. In addition to this also he was never known to turn a deaf ear to the cry of the needy and was wont to distribute gifts of money and food with a lavish hand.

"The career of George Dickinson, a notorious burglar who was sentenced three years ago to fifteen years' imprisonment for burglary and attempted murder, furnishes another remarkable example of criminal audacity and daring. Dickinson had previously earned several terms of imprisonment in different States, and two years ago settled in Philadelphia, where, keeping his criminal career a secret, he became a member of a prosperous firm of shirt manufacturers.

"During the day he was a respectable merchant, with a reputation for generosity and good-heartedness, while at midnight he plied his vocation as a burglar. He always wore evening dress while engaged in his nefarious work and conducted his operations in the most stylish and gentlemanly manner. Dickinson was, in fact, a veritable Jeekyll and Hyde of real life, taking part in all the pleasures of the modern aristocrat. During a few months previous to his arrest more than 100 mysterious burglaries occurred in Philadelphia, for many of which Dickinson was believed to be responsible.

Grows Vines-as Potatoes.

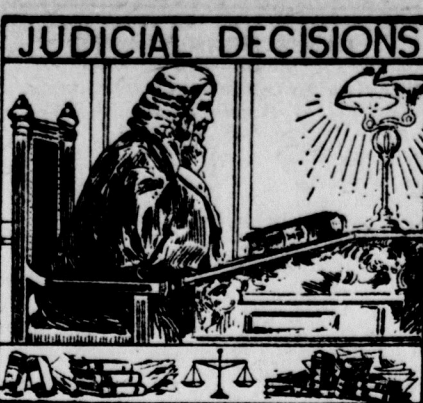
A Great Falls, Mont., man has produced potatoes without vines, and asserts that he is now able to supply new potatoes for the market at any season of the year. The inventor will not reveal the process in detail. He has conducted his experiments in a box 48 feet, in which there is a steam coil for heating.

He states that he has succeeded, after much experimenting, in perfecting a compound resembling soil that when heated is a fertile field for the development of plant life. In a layer of this compound he plants potato eyes, then another layer of the compound with more potato eyes, and so on until the box is filled. He claims that in this compound potatoes grow without any portion of the vine or sprout appearing above the surface; that all growth is in tubers, and that it is not necessary for either light or air to reach the potatoes at any stage of their growth, elements in the compound serving the purpose of oxygen.

At first the potatoes, when exposed to the air, rotted quickly, but now this has been overcome, he says, and his experiment is an unqualified success after many years. Those who saw the box he exhibited showing potatoes in varying stages of growth were greatly impressed with the "spuds." A Chicago man has offered him \$100,000 for his invention, he declares.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Why They Are Safety Razors.

She—Why do they call them safety razors, dear?
He—Simply because a man's wife can't use them to cut her corns with, my pet.—Yonkers Statesman.



A husband living with his wife in a house which is on her separate estate is held, in Tyree vs. Virginia, F. & M. Ins. Co. (W. Va.), 66 L. R. A. 637, to have no insurable interest therein. A note to this case discusses the question of insurable interest of husband in wife's property.

Extra services rendered to a person after she became insane are held, in Waldron vs. Davis (N. J. Err. and App.), 66 L. R. A. 591, not to be presumed to have been intended as a gratuity, where, before becoming insane, she lived with the person performing the services under a contract that the latter was to board and care for her for a fixed price, and, until insanity supervened, payments for such board and care were regularly made.

The right to an injunction to restrain one of the former members of a partnership, each of whom, on a sale of the business and its good will, bound himself in the act of sale not to engage in a competitive business within a certain city for a certain period of time, from continuing in a rival business into which he had entered in violation of his contract, is sustained in Eugene Dietzgen Company vs. Koslosky (La.), 66 L. R. A. 503, and he is denied the right to set up in justification of his act that the purchasers had orally agreed, as a consideration for his promise not to engage in a rival business, to employ him for a period longer than that during which he had bound himself not to enter into a competitive business, and had wrongfully discharged him before the termination of such period.

AIRSHIPS IN WAR TIME.

They Will Surely Come Some Day if They Are Not Barred Out.

From the moment that M. Santos-Dumont alighted softly on the sward of the Bois de Boulogne, after encircling the Eiffel tower, a new era began in the man-conquest of the atmosphere, says the Grand Magazine. The aeronaut had succeeded in solving the problem he had set himself and thenceforward had merely to perfect the details. Assuming, as we are entitled to do, that M. Santos-Dumont's new ship proves a success, and that, in addition to carrying a crew of eight or ten, it will have a lifting power for a small cargo, see what a powerful and novel weapon of offensive warfare is at the disposal of the nations.

In the next continental war it is inconceivable that the effectiveness of such a mode of attack will not be utilized. After the lessons of the recent siege of Port Arthur any one can realize the immense service a practicable war airship of sufficient size would have been to the operations if, instead of the enormous labor of having to bring immense siege guns from Japan in order to destroy the ships in the harbor, lyddite could have been dropped upon the vessels' decks from above. Unquestionably the cheaper form of attack in this instance would have been by airships.

"It will perhaps be urged that the gasbag of a large airship would offer a comparatively easy target, but, at a sufficient elevation, I think this is by no means the case. During the siege of Ladysmith I myself saw our captive balloon brought slowly to the ground by Boer rifle fire alone; but then it must be borne in mind that the balloon was stationary and at a low elevation, very little higher than the hill from which the firing came. A moving airship at a considerable elevation would form a very difficult target, and if only slight damage were inflicted, there would always be the chance of being able to get away outside the enemy's lines before having to come to earth. Shrapnel fire will probably be found the most effective against such vessels, but there must always be the difficulty of getting the proper elevation for the guns, and they could not be fired vertically without the chance of the projectiles on their return doing more harm to the side that fired them than they inflicted on the enemy.

Robert on Business.

"What are you going to do when you grow up, Robert?" asked the visitor.

"I am going to be a business man," said Robert. "Pop took me down to his business last week and I'm going to be like him and work and have a good time."

"What are you going to do in business?" asked the visitor.

"I'm going to do just like pop. I am going to catch the car every morning, and when I get down town I'm going to light a great big cigar and sit down at my desk and say that there is so much work to do it ain't hardly any use beginning till after lunch. And then I'll go out with another big man and we'll eat until we can't eat any more, and then we'll go back to the business and I'll ask everybody else why the work ain't done, and then I'll get so mad because nobody does anything that I'll go home early and be all tired after I get home so I can't do a thing 'ceptin' to read the paper and smoke more great big cigars."

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IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

Support Your Local Paper and
SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE ENTERPRISE

\$1.50 per Year.

ABOUT FIRE INSURANCE

IMPORTANT TO
POLICY HOLDERS

Read Carefully, then Cut Out and Paste on
the Back of Your Fire Insurance Policy.

At and After a Fire.

Instruct the insured:
To save all he can.
To care for, clean up, dry out and air the saved property.
To keep an account of all expenses incurred in caring for saved property, and charge to the loss.
To keep open and continue business as if there were no insurance; he must not close his doors and wait for an adjuster.
That the Insurance Company will not take care of or take possession of his premises or of his saved property.
That any loss caused by his negligence to protect and care for his property at or after a fire is not covered by the insurance contract; and
That all of the value of the property saved belongs to the insured, and all of the loss and loss expenses thereon up to the face of the policy is chargeable to the insurance.
Many small companies have been weakened by the Baltimore fire.
The policies of my companies are conflagration proof.
I represent strong companies only.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Agent.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN, PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut, AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker, Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

Don't worry.

Walk upright.

Live at home.

Speak no evil.

Make haste slowly.

Cheating never pays.

Keep your credit good.

Keep a cheerful spirit.

Give every one a square deal.

The factories are all running with a full force.

Harry Johnson has rented the Burdard Cottage No. 3.

Mrs. A. Sorenson is visiting relatives at Sebastopol, Cal.

Owing to a rush of orders the steel works has postponed making repairs.

There is an advertised letter for Dr. Virgil McCombs in the Postoffice at San Mateo.

Mrs. W. McMullin is spending a couple of weeks visiting friends at Sacramento.

Mr. C. G. Ostwald of Millbrae paid our town and the Enterprise a visit on Thursday.

M. F. Healy has the fence completed around his branch lumber yard on Baden avenue.

One of the tents in the Erickson & Peterson camp caught fire Sunday and burned up with all its contents.

Frank Knowles has his lumber yard office building completed and sheds for mill work and dressed lumber.

Born—At No. 717 Waller street, San Francisco, Cal., on August 31, 1905, to the wife of O. M. Howard, a daughter.

Born—in this growing young city, on September 6, 1905, to the wife of Wm. L. Hickey, a bouncing boy, weight 15 pounds.

A lady will do plain sewing at reasonable rates. Inquire at the house formerly occupied by E. C. Collins, South San Francisco.

Property while under construction covered by policy of fire insurance without cost to contractor or owner. Enquire of E. E. Cunningham.

G. Peterson left the fore part of the week for Riparia, Wash., where he will spend a couple of weeks looking after a large railroad contract he has there.

The sum of \$500 was paid to Mrs. Maria Mattli the past week by the Woodmen of the World as insurance benefit on the life of the late John Mattli.

Mr. Robt. Britton has resigned his position with the Western Meat Company to accept a position with the Merchants Ice and Cold Storage Company of San Francisco.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lacay of San Francisco were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham. Mr. Lacay is Assistant Cashier of the Sixth-street Bank of San Francisco.

Pound No. 2 has been established and opened at the residence of the undersigned near the Lux Ranch House.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

The roots of the eucalyptus or gum tree will penetrate and choke the sewers if allowed to grow near the sewer line. Gum trees make a fine wind break, but should not be planted near the sewer.

On Saturday last Mr. Geo. E. Donington and John W. Donington of Yuma, Arizona, both boyhood friends of the writer, in pioneer days in Nebraska, paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cunningham.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

The lodge rooms in Mr. Martin's new brick building have been rented for every evening of the week as follows: Order of Druids, Monday; Peacemakers, Tuesday; Woodmen of the World, Wednesday; Improved Order of Red Men, Thursday; Masonic lodge, Friday; Italian Order of Druids, Saturday.

The Enterprise is in receipt of a very interesting letter from our former fellow-town-people, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Berlinger. These esteemed friends have been having a real genuine good time. After leaving here they went on a honeymoon trip, visiting all the beaches, then to San Diego and Arizona, and down into old Mexico. In the latter country they witnessed a bull fight. At Los Angeles they met the Baden colony. John Nelson is still inspecting meat for Uncle Sam at the Cudahy packing-house, and has lost none of his solid avoirdupois. The Graham boys and families were at Long Beach enjoying a vacation and Mrs. Trask was with them and looking much improved. Doctor and Mrs. Holcomb were looking well and prospering. Mr. Berlinger has accepted a position in a meat market at Santa Monica.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham at Postoffice building.

Did you miss going to the church picnic at Union Coursing Park on Labor Day? If you did you missed a great treat. There was a great throng of people there from South San Francisco, Colma and Ocean View. Nearly everybody knew nearly every other body and it was like an old-boys-folks pioneer reunion. There was handshaking galore, exchange of wit, good humor and good stories. There was a great variety of games and something to interest and amuse every one. The dancing of the old-time jigs and reels of the old country was one of the most delightful features of a most delightful day. It was the old-time dances danced by the old people. Such sprightly gallants as Mickey Griffin, Philip O'Malley Sr. of Colma, and boys of seventy and eighty of Ocean View tripped the light fantastic

with all the sprightliness of youth, and old girls whose heads were white, but whose hearts were as warm and feet as nimble as they were at "sweet sixteen" in the days of "auld lang syne," danced the jigs and reels of ye ancient days with a grace and skill worthy of the highest praise. Among the ladies who took part in these dances was Mrs. McSweeney of San Francisco, mother of Detective Cody's wife. The dancing of Mrs. McSweeney was worth going miles to see. So perfect, so graceful, so rhythmic, many a girl would have been proud to be able to dance as that old lady danced. Father Cooper and Father Lane were everywhere in evidence and were the soul of the happy day.

FOR RENT.

A modern 8-room house, sanitary plumbing, chicken yard, \$15 per month, at Millbrae.

CHAS. G. OSTWALD.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that teams must not be left standing on the streets of South San Francisco without being tied to a hitching post or otherwise secured; and hereafter in every case where a team is left unsecured and runs away upon the streets of said town the driver of such team will be promptly arrested and a charge of "disturbance of the peace" placed against him.

R. J. CARROLL, Constable.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock a. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The September water rate must be paid on or before the last day of September. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of October and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Advice to Supervisors how to House the Officials.

JIMMY FRANKLIN GETS A LICENSE

Colma Hog Ranchers Will Have a Day

—To Prevent Forest Fires.

—Bills Ordered Paid.

The protest of Mrs. Johnson and others of Colma against the issuance of a liquor license to S. Franklin, filed at the last meeting, was taken up. Mrs. Johnson addressed the board, stating that the Eagle saloon, as at present conducted, was a disgrace to the First township. It was frequented by low characters of both sexes who scandalized even the school children who were obliged to pass the place. She made a strong plea to have the license refused.

R. S. Thornton said that he had signed the petition solely to keep out objectionable neighbors. He had heard from several sources that those who frequented the Eagle saloon were of questionable character, but he did not of his knowledge know this to be a fact.

James Franklin, the husband of the proprietress of the saloon, professed surprise that any one should object to the saloon. He tried to conduct it as orderly as any other place in the neighborhood. In answer to a question by Eikerenkotter, he stated that he had succeeded Robert Wall to the place and that it was an old established saloon.

Eikerenkotter moved that the license be granted, and the motion carried.

The following named liquor dealers were granted licenses:

First Township—M. and S. Balli, Colma; bondsmen, R. S. Thornton and Jason Wight. C. T. Connelly, Millbrae; bondsmen, Thomas Mason and W. S. Taylor. Blennerhassett & Hansen, Colma; bondsmen, M. Millett and George Wight. S. Franklin, Colma; bondsmen, M. F. Healy and William Rehberg.

Third Township—John H. O'Keefe, Menlo Park; bondsmen, J. T. O'Keefe and Thomas Hind. W. A. Maloney, Menlo Park; bondsmen, E. L. Taylor and C. E. Maloney. James Reed, Woodside; bondsmen, G. D. Greeley and P. Mathisen. Manuel Oliver, Menlo Park; bondsmen, L. J. Winn and Fred Haussler.

Fourth Township—C. P. Mosconi, Halfmoon Bay; bondsmen, Fred Campbell and C. W. Borden. J. R. Holmes, Paraisima; bondsmen, C. W. Borden and J. M. Francis. P. P. Quinlan, Halfmoon Bay; bondsmen, Robert D. Savage and P. F. McGovern. Giovanni Patroni, Halfmoon Bay; bondsmen, G. Perra and G. Gambetti. Joseph V. Azavedo, Halfmoon Bay; bondsmen, M. P. Dutra and J. C. Santos. Angelo Bolitano, Halfmoon Bay; bondsmen, Thomas C. Johnston and Joseph A. Bettencourt. Thomas Durham, Lobitos station; bondsmen, John Campbell and John A. Bettencourt. Joseph Debenedetti, Halfmoon Bay; bondsmen, D. E. O'Keefe and J. V. Swift.

Fifth Township—C. Gianola, Pescadero; bondsmen, George Lewis and George P. Ellis. J. W. Packard, San Gregorio; bondsmen, J. V. Souza and Jose A. Sequerra. McCormick &

Winkle, Pescadero; bondsmen, James Reed and A. Weeks.

The following named liquor dealers gave notice of intention to apply for licenses a month hence:

First Township—G. Selicanni & C. Garibaldi, E. Fermentini, P. Regli, Rose Cavo, J. B. Demartini, Colma; Frank Lawlor, H. Gaerdes, South San Francisco; John Mangini, George Gouzenes, Millbrae.

Second Township—W. A. Emmett Company, Belmont.

Third Township—Frank P. Roach, Martin Kuck, B. F. Burke, A. J. Carleton, Menlo Park; Charles J. Shenkel, Stanton Place, near Portola; California Timber Company, at Waterman Creek mill.

A petition, signed by A. Weeks and others of Pescadero, was read, asking the appointment of M. J. Perry as Justice of the Peace of the Fifth township to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of C. J. Coburn. A vote was taken on motion of Coburn and Perry was declared elected.

A communication was received from W. A. S. Nicholson as attorney for J. C. Mikulich, protesting against the issuance of a license to sell liquor at Union Coursing Park to any other person than Mikulich, who had already applied for such a license and deposited the necessary fee therefor.

The complaint of Jacob Bryan relative to the offensive hog ranches at Colma will be taken up at the next meeting at which time a date will be agreed upon for its hearing and notice issued to all parties interested.

Four warrants against Reclamation District No. 543 were presented by Attorney T. C. Van Ness for the board's approval as follows: Warrant No. 40, in favor of W. P. A. Brewer, for \$79.40; No. 41, T. C. Van Ness, \$350; No. 42, D. Bromfield, \$40; No. 43, C. E. Whitney, \$341.84. The warrants were approved on motion of Debenedetti.

Hall C. Ross asked that the use of the Belmont water wagon be granted his father to sprinkle the roads in front of his property once daily. Mr. Ross senior to pay the bills. Permission was granted.

A communication was received from State Forester Allen asking the board to co-operate with the State board in preventing forest fires, and requesting that the names of the different road overseers be forwarded so that cloth posters could be sent them for distribution, warning campers against the careless setting out of fires. The Clerk was directed to supply the information asked for.

Coburn was authorized to employ the Surveyor to prepare plans for a bridge at Pescadero.

Colman was granted permission to sell a discarded water wagon and road grader in his district, for each of which he was offered \$25. The chairman was also granted permission to leave the State for a period of sixty days.—Redwood City Democrat.

NOTICE.

Owners of impounded stock are hereby notified that in case of my absence from the Pound they can obtain their stock by applying at the stockyards office and paying charges.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

House and lot. House five rooms. Cash \$750. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

I have for sale for a short time only the following choice property, at very reasonable prices. Now is the time to invest. Prices are constantly advancing.

Two lots, 100x140, south side of Grand avenue, in block 117.

One choice lot, 50x140 feet, south side of Grand avenue, block 101.

Two fine lots, 100x140, north side of Miller avenue, block 126.

Three very fine lots, 180x140 feet, fronting three streets in block No. 134. Very desirable for cutting up into cottage lots.

Improved property, cottage three rooms and lot 25x140, central part of town.

All of above property on sewered streets, water pipes to lot line.

For prices and particulars enquire of E. E. Cunningham, Postoffice Building.

FOR SALE.

One-horse buggy. Good condition. For price enquire of

Aug. 19. R. UHL.

TO LET.

A fine flat of eight rooms, new, in heart of business district, on Grand avenue. Enquire at Postoffice.

Sorrow Prompts Suicide.

Sacramento.—Daniel Belt, aged 23 years, committed suicide by drinking two ounces of carbolic acid. He was despondent because of the death of his mother.

New Bank for Pasadena.

Washington.—The Controller of the Currency has approved the application to organize the First National Bank of South Pasadena with a capital of \$25,000.

DR. I. W. LETCHER

Will Do Dental Work

at Residence of

J. H. KELLY

on Grand Avenue

Wednesday and Friday

Evenings

and

Sunday

between 10 and 12 a. m.

TO LET.
The Del Paso Hotel of 21 rooms, on San Bruno avenue, South San Francisco, Cal. Inquire at Postoffice.

FOR SALE.

Lot and cottage of three rooms near business center, \$1000. For terms inquire at Postoffice.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Supply and demand about equal. Market steady with slight tendency to improvement on No. 1 stock.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Choice quality Nevada lambs being marketed; prices firm.

HOGS—Good offerings with prices easy for desirable weights, and ¼ lower for light weights.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—Prices quoted are per pound for all the cattle weigh alive delivered and weighed on San Francisco market.

CATTLE—No. 1 Steers, 3¼@3½¢; 2nd quality, 2¼@3¢; 3rd quality, 2¼@2½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 2¼@2½¢; 2nd quality, 2¼@2½¢; 3rd quality, 2¼@2½¢.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 130 to 250 lbs., 6¢; over 250 to 350 lbs., 5¼@5½¢; rough undesirable hogs, 4¼@4½¢; hogs weighing under 130 lbs., 5¼@5½¢.

SHEEP—No. 1 Wethers, 3¼@4¢; No. 1 h-w-s, 3¢@3½¢; Suckling Lambs, 4¼@5¢ gross weight.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 4¼@5¢; over 250 lbs., 3¼@4¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEER—Market firm—First quality steers, 5¢@5½¢; second quality, 4¼@4½¢; third quality, 4¢; thin steers, 3¼@4¢; first quality cows and heifers, 4¼@4½¢; second quality, 3¼@4¢; third quality, 3¼¢.

VEAL—Large, 6¼@7½¢; medium, 8¢@8½¢; small, good, 8¼@9¢.

MUTTON—Market firm—Wethers, heavy, 6¢@6½¢; light, 7¢@7½¢; Heavy Ewes, 5¢@5½¢; Light Ewes, 6¢@6½¢; Suckling Lambs, 8¢@8½¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8¼@9¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13¢@14¢; picnic hams, 9½¢; Boiled Hams, skin on, 18½¢; skin off, 20½¢.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 18¢; light S. C. bacon, 16½¢; med. bacon, clear, 12½¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12¢; clear, light bacon, 13½¢; clear ex. light bacon, 14¢.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10½¢; do, light, 10¢; do, Bellies, 11½¢; Clear, bbls, \$10.00; hf-bbls, \$3.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$5.00; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are ¾ lb: Compound 6¼¢, 6½¢, 6¾¢, 6¼¢, 7¼¢; Clear pure, 10¼¢, 10½¢, 10¾¢, 11¢, 11½¢.

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ¼¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.40; 1s, \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.30; 1s, \$1.30.

PEACHES SALAD OIL—Tins—about 50 gallons, \$40 gallon 5 gallon tins—1 per case, 45 " 1 " 10 " " 60 " 1 " 20 " " 65 " 1 " 40 " " 1.85 dozen 1 " 24 " " 1.00 1 " 36 " " 85 "

Compound 6¼¢, 6½¢, 6¾¢, 6¼¢, 7¼¢; Clear pure, 10¼¢, 10½¢, 10¾¢, 11¢, 11½¢.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED SOUL.

Not hers the New Time's lofty lot—
To questions big replying;
She only knows to keep the cot
And soothe the children's crying.

Not hers to stand in temples bright,
Sad strife for strife returning;
She only knows the lamps to light
And keep the home fires burning.

Not hers to move with iron will
In paths of strange endeavor;
She only knows that Home is still
The sweetest name forever!

There are her joys, and there her tears—
A life so sweetly human,
The world shall whisper through the years:
"God bless that little woman!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A BANK BURGLARY.

It was not often that Mr. Butler, manager of the Cable street branch of the London and South-western Bank, had occasion to visit his offices after business hours. But a banking business is like no other—a bank manager is a man upon whose shoulders rests much responsibility.

Mr. Butler had been worried during the four hours which had elapsed since he put on his coat and hat and left the building at 5 o'clock. It was a tricky calculation that worried him, and he was not quite certain, as he dallied over his coffee, whether or not he was on the eve of making a great mistake. That is why, contrary to his custom, he ordered his electric brougham, drove to the city, and seated himself again in his office, with his back to the safe and the big ledgers before him on the table.

His brow was wrinkled in thought, and his keen, gray eyes rapidly flew over the bewildering mass of figures. He became absorbed in his work—so much so, indeed, that he did not hear the creak of the little door on his left, nor did there fall upon his ear the soft breathing of a man at his side.

A few moments later he was startled by feeling something cold pressed



HE BECAME ABSORBED IN HIS WORK.

to his temple. The bewildering multitude of figures which were shimmering in his brain melted away, for he was looking down the barrel of a revolver, then along the hand which held it, and the arm, until his gray eyes rested on the face of a man. The first glance had been to the revolver, and he instantly recognized it as his own. In the face of the man who held the revolver he recognized the features of George Carrington, lately one of his own clerks. He leaned back in his chair and sighed heavily, but said nothing.

"You look surprised, Mr. Butler," said the burglar, as he stealthily crept round the table. "But don't be afraid; I am not going to shoot you unless you make a row."

"You have come to rob the office?" "Yes, sir; that is my intention. You have saved me a great deal of trouble. The safe is open, there are securities, there is money there. I am going to have them, and I am going to secure you so that you cannot disturb me."

"Indeed," said the banker, in a chilly tone. "This is a desperate enterprise of yours, Mr. Carrington."

Mr. Carrington grinned. "Desperate ills require desperate remedies," he replied. "You sacked me, Mr. Butler."

The banker pursed his lips. "Quite true," he said. "I sacked you."

"For no fault of my own," said the burglar.

"Exactly, Mr. Carrington, for no fault of your own. Matter of reduction of staff, that's all. Somebody had to go, and it fell to your fate."

"That was two months ago, Mr. Butler. Since then you haven't cared how I've lived, eh?"

The other shrugged his shoulders somewhat impatiently.

"It is not my business," he said. Then, after a pause: "You are going to rob the bank, eh?"

"I'm going to ask you to hand out all the money you've got in the safe. I'm going to gag you and blind you so that you won't create a disturbance. I shan't hurt you, Mr. Butler; don't fear that."

"Oh, no," said the banker quickly. "I don't fear that you will hurt me; that is, I don't think I shall sustain much physical damage at your hands. It is the other thing I am thinking about—the mental hurt."

"They can't blame you," said the burglar.

"I'm afraid they will," said the banker, dubiously. "Banks are robbed time and again. It is nobody's fault; but the manager doesn't get praised."

A PONTOON BRIDGE ON THE INDUS.



PERMANENT BOAT BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS AT KHUSHALGAR.

The boat bridge at Khushalgar is one of the most important pontoon bridges over the Indus, on the northwest frontier of India. The Indus has always been difficult to bridge, owing to the rapidity of its current, more especially during what is known as the rainy season, when it becomes much swollen. The picture represents a convoy on its way between Kohat and Rawal Pindi crossing the river at Khushalgar. This bridge is permanent, and not temporary as might be supposed, and it was over this bridge that the Tirah expeditionary force advanced into the Afridi country in 1897, the railway at that time only running from Rawal Pindi to Khushalgar, which lies on the left bank of the Indus. The simplest form of permanent ferry consists of ropes stretched across the river by means of which rafts, similar to those depicted here, can be sheered or hauled backwards and forwards from bank to bank. The Khushalgar bridge is, however, the ordinary floating or pontoon bridge. It is capable of bearing any traffic with the exception of heavy siege artillery. The banks on both sides of the river are very steep, winding up the cliff at a steep angle as shown here. The surrounding country is rocky and barren.

"I suppose not," said the burglar reflectively.

The banker looked up suddenly, and his clear, gray eyes rested upon the young man's face.

"Now, then, George Carrington, what's your trouble? Out with it!" The other mumbled.

"I was hardly done," he said in a sullen tone. "I ought not to have been sacked. I was in debt. My house was cleared of its furniture, and my wife, myself and my child were left to starve. I had been sacked from a bank, and when I want another position nobody would give it to me. I never robbed a man of a farthing in my life. I was driven to desperation."

"That's hard," said the banker. "But realize, George Carrington, what you are going to do. You are going to rob this bank. At present the matter rests lightly upon your mind. You will probably get away safely. You will flee to America or somewhere. You may set up in business and become a successful man. But have you ever thought of what will come after, when you get, say, my age? Then will be the time for you to repent and to shun the light of every honest man, your soul blackened and your mind uneasy forevermore."

The other was silent.

"I have in my pocket," continued the banker, "the sum of 50 pounds in Bank of England notes. I am going to give you these notes so that you can make a fresh start in life. I have also in my pocketbook a letter from a good friend of mine in the Argentine Republic, who requires an under manager in his bank. The salary is \$150 a month with rooms over the bank. I am going to write a letter to my friend suggesting you as a most likely candidate for the position. There is no necessity to wait for the reply, as I have been asked to send out the man whom I think best by a boat which leaves Albert Docks on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock."

The burglar's jaw had dropped. His eyes were staring wildly into those of the banker.

"You don't mean—" he commenced. "I never say anything that I don't mean," said the banker. He drew forth his pocketbook, took out some notes, then calmly wrote a short letter.

The burglar grasped the notes. He looked with swimming eyes at the letter which had been written. But he was not fool enough to let the point of the revolver drop. He crushed the notes and the letter into his pocket. Then, with a burst of feeling, he flung the revolver from him.

"By the way, Mr. Carrington," said the calm, imperturbable banker, "don't make a scene. You had better go now." He got up and held out his white hand to the burglar.

"But before you go there's one little thing I want to say to you. That revolver which you took from my inner office was not loaded, and during the whole of our conversation you have been sitting in a chair which contains a patent electrical device. It would have electrocuted you in the briefest space of time conceivable had I merely pressed this button which is on the leg of the chair at my side."

"Good-by and good luck."—Indianapolis Sun.

EDUCATION OF INDIANS.

Vast Sum Expended on the Nation's Schools Since 1879.

From 1879 to 1903 inclusive the national government has expended \$402,000,000 on the Indians. In 1903 the amount expended was \$13,000,000. Of this sum \$3,161,000 was for the support of schools. There were 257 Indian schools in operation in 1903, representing an investment of \$6,000,000. Of these 91 were reservation boarding schools, 23 were boarding schools situated outside of the reservations and near the centers of civilization, and 140 were day schools, located close to the camps of the parents of the pupils. The oldest and largest of the non-reservation boarding schools is that at Carlisle, Penn., established in 1879, which had an enrollment of 1,074 pupils in 1903, and an average attendance of 963. In the 257 schools in the aggregate the enrollment in 1903 was 24,857 pupils and the average attendance was 20,876. To teach and care for these pupils 2,282 persons were employed, 111 being superintendents. Forty-four boarding schools and four day schools for Indians were conducted during the year by religious bodies, a large majority by Catholics. These, with the 101 pupils in the Hampton Institute, and 164 in white public schools under contract with the Indian bureau, represented, in combination with the government's 257 schools, an enrollment of 28,411 Indian pupils for 1903, and an average attendance of 24,382, a gain of 262 in attendance over 1902. The Indian schools in New York are controlled by the State, and are not included in those figures.

Half of the time in the schools is devoted to the ordinary common school studies and the other half to useful industries—carpentry, shoemaking, farming, wagonmaking, blacksmithing, tailoring, dairying, gardening, masonry, plastering and harnessmaking for the boys, and sewing, baking, household work, laundering, dairying, cooking and other activities for the girls. At several of the larger schools specialized training is given to the boys in farming and stock raising.

Spider Culture.

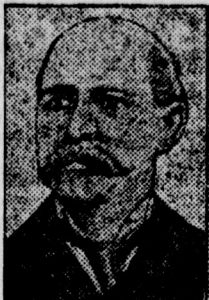
Ten years ago a French missionary started the systematic rearing of two kinds of spiders for their web, and the Board of Trade Journal states that the spider web factory is now in successful operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris, where ropes are made of spider web intended for balloons for the French military aeronautic section. The spiders are arranged in groups of twelve above a reel, upon which the threads are wound. It is by no means easy work for the spiders, for they are not released until they have furnished from thirty to forty-one yards of thread each. The web is washed and sticky cover. Eight of the washed threads are then taken together, and of this rather strong yarn cords are woven which are stronger and much lighter than cords of silk of the same thickness.

When a mosquito sees a girl with a see-more waist on, he hurries back home and invites all his family and the neighbors come to his party.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HOW BOYS MAY WIN SUCCESS.

By W. L. Douglas, Governor of Massachusetts.



W. L. DOUGLAS.

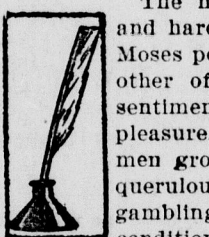
Recently, in talking to a delegation of bright-faced boys, I told them that they should, in order to make the most of life, obey the old maxim, "Stick to your last." If you don't you'll find that old ogre, called trouble, bobbing up in your pathway every now and then, and you'll never get to be on speaking terms with success. Fortune you know, favors the brave. In the battle of life the really brave man is the one with courage enough to "stick to his last" in the face of early rebuffs and temporary reverses. He's the fellow who will eventually be able to laugh at trouble and to get chummy with success. What would you think of a shoe-maker who, after making part of a shoe on one last, became dissatisfied, and started another shoe on a different last, keeping up this method until he had finally spent all his money for stock and had nothing but a lot of half-finished shoes to show for it. Foolish way to do, isn't it? But it's no more foolish than for a young man to tackle a new line of business every little while until he grows too old to learn any business thoroughly.

Everything in nature is fitted to do one thing well and spends its whole life doing it. You never hear of the ant going into the honey-making business; nor of the bee building ant hills for a change. Each one knows its place in the world and sticks to it, and that is what boys must do if they would accomplish great things. Of course boys are somewhat handicapped as compared with the bees and ants. You see, boys are not often born with a knowledge of just what kind of last they're best fitted to peg away on. But nearly every boy at an early age displays an aptitude for something, and if that aptitude is properly developed the process of selecting a last is simplified. And remember always to keep your ambition up to the top notch. Whatever you do, try to do it better than the other fellow. At school make it a point to stand at the head of your class; and at play don't be satisfied until you can jump the farthest or throw the straightest. Then when you enter business life this matter of getting ahead will become a habit.

Now I want to give you another thing to think about while you're growing up and preparing to win fame and fortune in the commercial world. It is this: Don't try to do what you like—do what you can. That's a good companion piece for "stick to your last." Don't let the attraction of something you don't know lure you away from the thing you do. Do what you can and stick to it. That's wisdom.

WHEN DIVORCE SHOULD BE GRANTED.

By Prof. William DeWitt Hyde.



The majority of people to-day are as selfish and hard of heart as those to whom the law of Moses permitted divorce. They marry for one or other of the selfish motives—sensual appetite, sentimentality, vanity, love of power, desire for pleasure. They are speedily disappointed. The men grow hard, brutal, cruel; the women grow querulous, bitter, censorious. Drink and poverty, gambling and extravagance, often aggravate the conditions, and both parties look to divorce as the only remedy for the ills which this mutual selfishness has engendered.

Should the divorce be granted? That depends on the intensity of their selfishness and the acuteness of their consequent misery. Married or unmarried, such people are bound to be miserable, though it must be admitted that two such people will be more miserable the more closely they are united and therefore more miserable in wedlock. Still, if their selfishness is not too brutal and their pain too intolerable, they ought to be made to live together, because there is a large chance that the gift of children, the death of chil-

HAS SEEN MANY HARDSHIPS.

His Isthmian Task Has No Terrors for Engineer Stevens.

"Nothing but death or a physical breakdown," say his friends, "will chase John F. Stevens away from his great work on the Isthmus of Panama. He will build the canal, honestly and well. He has the soldier's instincts of bravery, loyalty and obedience to superiors. He is as rugged as the hills."



JOHN F. STEVENS.

Mr. Stevens, who is the engineer named for the task which Wallace deserted, puts his heart, his brain and his wonderful physical energy into every task. He did that when he whipped the son of a great railroad president with whom he had a personal altercation, and he did it when, as a scout on the plains, he carried a message from one military post to another, being obliged to hide neck-deep in a swamp for twenty hours to avoid being captured and killed by Indians. In carrying this message Mr. Stevens dared what he believed was his duty as a man loyal to his country, although two other men had been scalped and murdered brutally while on the same mission. He licked the railroad president's son because he thought he ought to and the father of the castigated boy looked at it that way.

He has seen more hardships than most men of his profession. In the wilds of Canada he has ridden the pack mule with treacherous Indians as his guides while engaged in surveying extensions for the Great Northern Railroad to the coast. The red men, weary of the privations endured, disappeared one night and left him to fight his battles alone. Then the pack mule died. Struggling on through the desolate country, with aching limbs and sore feet, depending largely on wild game for sustenance, he blazed his way and finally completed his task. The route he laid out for the extension was followed without variance and the present line of the road through Assiniboia marks the trail of one of the most remarkable achievements in American railroad building. James J. Hill points to this feat of Mr. Stevens as the acme of engineering pluck and

adren, common tasks, common sorrows, the custom of living together, the gradual waning of the animal, the dawning development of the spiritual, will render more and more tolerable what at first seemed intolerable and on the wreck of selfishness rear a home that later shall be the abode of genuine affection. The gain to society and to the individual alike when time, nature and grace combine to work such a marriage out to a successful issue is so great that law is justified in making divorce in the early stages of such a marriage extremely difficult.

Nevertheless, when such a marriage goes from bad to worse, year after year, the interest of husband and wife, of children and of society demands as a last resort that surgery of the family which, while it can never cure the disease of selfishness, may cut out its more cruel and loathsome symptoms. Desertion, habitual drunkenness and extreme cruelty as well as infidelity in such cases justify divorce as cancers justify the surgeon's knife.

DON'T REST TOO OFTEN.

By Paul W. Harity.



"I am told, Mr. Edison," said an acquaintance to the great inventor one day, "that you sleep but five or six hours out of the twenty-four. How do you do so much work on so little sleep?"

"So little sleep?" asked Edison, whimsically. "Why, sir, I get lots of sleep. In those five or six hours I get all the sleep that I've paid for, and that's a good deal."

A false theory leads many a man into the evils of the "rest habit." A certain overworked business man, believing he was on the verge of nervous prostration, fled to the coast for a vacation and rest. After a two weeks' stay he felt as well as he ever had, but decided to stay a while longer "to put on the finishing touches," as he told himself. After two weeks more, having gained five pounds, he conceived an ambition to grow fat, so he wrote to his partner that he would stay a month longer and "store up energy for the year's business."

"Confound your stored up energy," wrote his partner in reply. "The business doesn't need stored up energy—it needs more energy that's on tap, and need it quick."

The scientist who announced not long since that he had discovered the germ which produces the disease of laziness may not have been wholly in error.

Let us work fearlessly, with a joy in life that teaches sleep to come only when needed, and then will our faculties be lively and useful and enjoyable. All honor to the strenuous life!

CLERKS MUST PROVE THEIR VALUE.

By Jonas Howard.



It may be said fully that the general atmosphere of the large office employing 400 or 500 clerks is bad for the ambitious young man. There is a narrowness to office work that leaves its effects on the men who follow it. There is the unvarying routine, the minute petty details, the stunted horizon, the dreariness of indoor work, which is sure in time to sap the vitality, energy, and ambition of the worker.

But, on the other hand, the young man beginning to work for the first time will find the routine of office life is not entirely inimical to his chances of success even if he does not attain it by remaining with one firm and "working up." The discipline of a large firm's office, the regular hours for reporting, and the regularity with which work is done will teach him promptness to begin with. The nature of the work will teach him that desirable quality, concentration, and the system under which most modern offices are run will teach him expedition.

This is not bad training for the young man who is going to make business his career. Even if a little exuberant energy is lost through bending for long hours over a desk the worker is in no way loser if he acquires in exchange steadiness and complete control of his mind.

HE'S HERE AGAIN---THE MAN WHO ROCKS THE BOAT.



—Indianapolis Sun.

ability, and is authority for the statement that not a dollar of the \$900,000 involved in the work was misspent. Mr. Stevens is now 52 years of age.

Little Lord's Plain Dress.

Both of the best-known American duchesses are becoming increasingly economical in the selection of their children's frocks, says the New York Press. Time was when their graces of Manchester and Marlborough thought the sheerest of fabrics not good enough for their youngsters; when neither thought of paying less than \$100 apiece for their infants' robes and when the rest of the baby attire carried the total of every day's apparel to an absurd figure. But the Princess of Wales, noticing a tendency on the part of wealthy women in England to overdress their young hopefuls, began putting the simplest of clothes on her own children and the Duchesses of Marlborough and Manchester were not slow to copy her sensible example. Any one seeing the Manchester and Marlborough juniors in their waxes abroad would not dream they were

the children of parents with duchies and ducats. Duchess Helena even goes to the extreme of putting her pets in gingham or mornings, and Duchess Consuelo has been seen looking at ordinary prints in London bazaars.

He Fixed Him.

In the course of an open-air revival meeting in a Georgia town a man in the audience interrupted the leader with the question: "Where would religion be if you took the devil out of it?"

The leader looked the man over and replied:

"Ask the devil yourself. I judge, from your looks, you're on speakin' terms with him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Saved.

"So your daughter graduated?" said Duddison. "I suppose she saved the country on commencement day?" "Yes," answered Mr. Briscoe, "she saved the country a great deal. She was taken ill suddenly and couldn't read her essay."—Detroit Tribune.

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the blood is in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR, ACUTE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

Church Built of Fossils.

There is a church in the quiet little village of Mumfords, near Niagara Falls, which is composed entirely of fossils. At first glance the walls appear to be constructed of rough sandstone smeared with an uneven coating of gritty, coarse plaster, but a closer view reveals the error of this first conclusion. Instead of plaster the eyes behold traceries of delicate leaves, lacework of interwoven twigs, bits of broken branches, fragments of mossy bark and splinters of wood, all preserved against the wasting of time and decay by being turned into the hardest of flinty limestone. As a matter of fact, every block of stone in the four walls is a closely cemented mass of dainty fossils.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure it, with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Wasn't Surprised.

"The other day I caught a fish three feet long that weighed 27 pounds," remarked the amateur angler. "Doesn't that surprise you?"

"Not even a little bit," replied the old fisherman. "I have a pretty good fish story reputation myself."

Satisfying His Curiosity.

Dinguss—What's that string tied around your finger for?

Shadbolt—I am glad you called my attention to it. I put it there to remind me, if I saw you, to mention the fact that you haven't paid that last \$10 you borrowed of me.

FITS

permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Girl for Him.

He—Please play for me.
She—I don't play.
He—Please sing for me.
She—I don't sing.
He—Please marry me.

The landing of the cable made manifest care, thought and toil. Did you think of that? When enjoying a glass of "Old Gilt Edge" do you think of the care, skill and effort that the making calls for? Well, you do enjoy it, and that's the main thing.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ginder of Boonton, N. J., were married in 1885, and have thirteen children. All are bright and lively and in good health, and none of them was ever troubled with a serious illness.

Miler's Milwaukee Beer

—the best in market. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

Didn't Care for It.

"Are you partial to repartee, Miss Lakeside?" asked the society man.

"Not any," replied the belle. "I wouldn't give one cup of coffee for all the tea that ever trickled down the spout."

THE Keeley Cure

For the conquering of Alcoholism and the Drug Habit.

Thousands of people are living examples of what it has done for them. Call or write for all particulars.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, SAN FRANCISCO
Donohoe Building, Corner Market and Taylor

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
KINDLY MENTION THIS PAPER

S. F. N. U. No. 36, 1905

TURKEYS

How many are raised in California this year?

\$25.00

In cash prizes will be given to turkey raisers only, who estimate with greatest accuracy, the total number raised this year.

Every turkey raiser will be permitted to file estimate free of all charge. Write us a postal card today and state how many you are raising and we will tell you full particulars of guessing contest.

Cut this out and show it to other turkey raisers and ask them to report so that we get full figures.

Replies must reach us during September.

CENTURY MERCANTILE CO.
14 Sanson Street San Francisco

FOOLED THE BAD MAN.

Tender Young Thing from Philadelphia Was All There.

This here town was the same as any new camp; a mile long and eighteen inches wide, consisting of saloons, dance halls, saloons, trading posts, saloons, places to get licker, and saloons. Might not have been so many dance halls and trading posts as I've mentioned, and a few more saloons.

I dropped into a joint called The Reception, and who'd I see playing bank but Single Out Wilmer. At the same table was a nice, tender Philadelphia squab, 'bout fryin' size, and while I was watching, Wilmer pulls down a bet belonging to it. That's an old game.

"Pardon me," says the broker; "you have my checks."

"What?" growls Single Out. "I knowed this game before you quit nursing. Eyes. I can protect my own bets."

"That's right," chimes the dealer, who I seen was Curly Budd, Wilmer's pardner.

"Do you really think you had ought to play this? It's a man's game," says Wilmer, nasty.

I expected to see the youngster dog it. Nothin' of the kind.

"That's my bet!" he says again.

Single Out just looks black and snarls at the dealer: "Turn the cards!"

"Oh, very well," says the chechako, talking like a little girl.

Somebody snickered, and, thinks I, "I'll tarry a while and see 'em singe the fowl."

Well, by and by Wilmer shifted another stack belonging to the easterner.

The lad never begged his pardon nor nothing. His fist just shot out and landed on the high corner of Wilmer's jaw, clean and fair. Of all the cordial, why-how-do-you-do mule kicks handed down in rhyme and story, that wallop was the adopted daddy.

When he struck I hopped the bar, for I seen Curly grab at the drawer, and I have aversions to witnessing gun plays from the front end. The tenderfoot riz up in his chair, and, snatchin' a stack of reds in his off mitt, dashed 'em into Curly's face just as he pulled the trigger. It spoiled his aim, and the boy was on to him like a mountain lion, follerin' over the table.

Curly let go of that "six" like he was plum tired of it, and the kid welled him over the ear just once. Then he turned, and took in the line-up at a sweep of his lamps:

"Any of you gentlemen got ideas on the subject?" he says.

It was all that finished and genteel that I speaks up without thinkin'.

"You for me, pardner!"—Rex E. Beach in McClure's.

Mule Races with a Train.

"I'd like to know who owns that mule just east of Bates City," said George Jacques yesterday, the engineer who pulls the Alton's "hammer," the Chicago limited train, into Kansas City.

"Talk about running—why, he'd make The Picket or McChesney want to hide. I'll bet he can do a mile in 1:37."

The limited train does not stop at Bates City, and before it passes into the city limits it is doing easily fifty miles an hour. Passing a pasture by the side of the track Jacques has a race with the mule every trip.

"I can see him watching for me," the engineer said, "and the minute I blow the whistle he's off. He fudges a little—we don't get away well, and by the time I get to the post the mule is several hundred years away, his head and tail both extended, and running like a racer. He has half a mile to make his dash. Of course, this big engine simply runs away from him, but I'll tell you that mule is determined to win a race yet. He looks for it every morning. When the train has passed him he stops and watches until we are out of sight. He takes his run nearly every morning. I'd miss that mule if he was taken away."

—Kansas City Times.

Maria's Tonic.

"Did you get a spring tonic for that tired feeling?" asked Kiddleigh.

"Yes," answered Enneke. "Maria sort of braced me up with one."

"Some homemade remedy?"

"Well—er—yes. That is, she told me she wanted an automobile some time this summer, and advised me to get a hump on myself."—Detroit Tribune.

Another Dreadful Warning.

"I have just been reading the account of a railway wreck in which every occupant of the smoking carriage was more or less injured, while the rest of the passengers in the train escaped without harm," said old Hodge.

"There, Ezra," cried Mrs. Hodge, triumphantly, "there is another warning against the use of tobacco."

Drawing It Milder.

"How did it happen that he got in the way of the brick? I tell you he was a fool to be there."

"That sounds harsh. There is a milder way of calling him the same thing."

"What should I call him?"

"An innocent bystander."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wanted the Earth.

"You are all the world to me, My charming Katharine."

So wrote the poet; and then he continued in this line:

"Ah, would that I might say, Like Monte Cristo in the play— 'The world is mine!'"

Very Likely.

"Say, pa," queried little Johnny Bumpnickie, "what are the sins of omission?"

"They are probably those we would have committed had we thought of them," answered the old man.

A Captain of Industry.

For several days the policeman on the beat had observed a small boy who spent the most of his time lounging near a downtown street crossing, and seemed to have nothing to do. One morning he accosted him.

"Tommy," he said, "or whatever your name is, you do entirely too much loafing round here. Hadn't you better be at home?"

"I ain't loafin'," indignantly replied the boy. "I got a reg'lar job here."

"You've got a job? What is it?"

"De guy wot owns dis store pays me a dollar a week fur keepin' dis crossin' swept clean."

"But I never see you doing any work," said the policeman.

"Course not," returned the boy. "I takes de money an' lets out de job fur fifty cents a week to de kid wot's out dere sweepin' de crossin' now. He gets his pay reg'lar, an' don't have to do no hardwork huntin' jobs."

Coming Financial Genius.

When Wall street first caught the fever for "industrial combinations" and began the reorganization of everything in sight, says the Brooklyn Eagle, one of the votaries of high finance found himself in Chicago in extreme need of communicating with his New York office.

He had almost completed an arrangement for the consolidation of several Western enterprises, but in order to get the final authority he needed from New York, he must explain all he had done by wire to his partners.

There was no time to write. He had no cipher code. For a long time he tried to think out some way to send the information so that it would be plain to his partners and meaningless to any one else. His secret was a valuable one, and once sent over the wire might be sold out to his rivals in Wall street for a large sum.

At last he decided to take the chances in plain English. Accordingly he wrote the message and gave it to his assistant to send.

Half an hour later, when the assistant came back, he asked him if he had sent it.

"Not just that way," said the clerk. "I rewrote it, the first word on a Postal blank, the second on a Western Union, and so on. I sent half by each company, and neither half meant anything. Then I sent a second message by one line, saying, 'Read both messages together, alternating words.'"

The scheme was too simple for the high financier to have evolved, but it worked perfectly.

Burying Ground for Pets.

Near Hartsdale, a suburb about thirty miles up on the New York Central road, is one of the most remarkable burying grounds in America. Viewed from the roadside it might not attract particular attention. It looks not unlike other cemeteries, but no human beings lie buried there.

The occupants of the graves are dogs and cats—defunct pets whose mourning owners in some cases have reared expensive headstones in their memory. In this oblong plot of ground—it measures about 80x80 feet, almost the size of a small block—are interred the remains of some 300 household pets that belonged to residents of New York City. This unique burying ground grew out of a tender sympathy for dumb friends which it is not given to everyone to understand.

Some of the dogs buried here were household pets for many years; some were the special friends and playmates of children; others were valuable and faithful brutes whose sagacity and courage at one time or another saved lives imperiled by fire or water.

The Beautiful Flowers.

Flowers, of all created things the most innocently simple, and most superbly complex; playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave—flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep-thinking man of science!—flowers, that, of perishable things, are the most heavenly!—flowers, that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful, looks; partners of human joy; soothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes; welcome to the crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves!—flowers are in the volume of Nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of Revelation. What a desolate place would be the world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow creatures; for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good. Their growth is always over their grave; the spot of their bloom is so quickly the sepulchre of their beauty!

Physician—Is your dyspepsia of long standing?

Patient—Yes, it is a chronic case, doctor; I've been married thirty years.

Peanuts as a Food.

"Peanuts," said a man who sells them at a stand on Grand avenue yesterday, "are very 'filling.' A person can make a pretty fair meal on a sack of peanuts, and lots of people do. Almost every day tramps come up here and buy peanuts. A tramp told me the other day that a nickel's worth of peanuts was a day's food for him. He said—once lived on peanuts three days before he got tired of them. If you want to try the 'filling' properties of peanuts, eat a nickel's worth after breakfast. You won't care for any lunch, and the chances are you won't eat much dinner."—Kansas City Times.

Woman's Logic.

"Yes, my father made me give him up. He isn't any good at all."

"Is that so, dear?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, even the neighbors said he was worthless. He dissipates and is horrid."

"You don't say!"

"In fact, I hate him."

"Gracious! But have you heard that he is to be married to Belle?"

"What? That Belle? Why, what on earth does a nice young man like him want with such a girl as Belle? I am surprised."

Source of Supplies.

Stringem—Mrs. Hashem, the boarding house keeper who died last week, left an estate worth \$50,000 or more.

Nibbles—Don't say! I had no idea there was so much money in keeping boarders.

Stringem—There isn't, as a rule, but she owned a large prune orchard in California.

Economics.

Bella—Prof. Muggins tells me that the first principle of socialism is to divide with your fellow-man.

Tom—Not as I understand it. On the contrary, the first principle of socialism is to induce your fellow-man to divide with you.—Puck.

EXTEMPORIZING A CIPHER.

When Wall street first caught the fever for "industrial combinations" and began the reorganization of everything in sight, says the Brooklyn Eagle, one of the votaries of high finance found himself in Chicago in extreme need of communicating with his New York office.

He had almost completed an arrangement for the consolidation of several Western enterprises, but in order to get the final authority he needed from New York, he must explain all he had done by wire to his partners.

There was no time to write. He had no cipher code. For a long time he tried to think out some way to send the information so that it would be plain to his partners and meaningless to any one else. His secret was a valuable one, and once sent over the wire might be sold out to his rivals in Wall street for a large sum.

At last he decided to take the chances in plain English. Accordingly he wrote the message and gave it to his assistant to send.

Half an hour later, when the assistant came back, he asked him if he had sent it.

"Not just that way," said the clerk. "I rewrote it, the first word on a Postal blank, the second on a Western Union, and so on. I sent half by each company, and neither half meant anything. Then I sent a second message by one line, saying, 'Read both messages together, alternating words.'"

The scheme was too simple for the high financier to have evolved, but it worked perfectly.

Burying Ground for Pets.

Near Hartsdale, a suburb about thirty miles up on the New York Central road, is one of the most remarkable burying grounds in America. Viewed from the roadside it might not attract particular attention. It looks not unlike other cemeteries, but no human beings lie buried there.

The occupants of the graves are dogs and cats—defunct pets whose mourning owners in some cases have reared expensive headstones in their memory. In this oblong plot of ground—it measures about 80x80 feet, almost the size of a small block—are interred the remains of some 300 household pets that belonged to residents of New York City. This unique burying ground grew out of a tender sympathy for dumb friends which it is not given to everyone to understand.

Some of the dogs buried here were household pets for many years; some were the special friends and playmates of children; others were valuable and faithful brutes whose sagacity and courage at one time or another saved lives imperiled by fire or water.

The Beautiful Flowers.

Flowers, of all created things the most innocently simple, and most superbly complex; playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave—flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep-thinking man of science!—flowers, that, of perishable things, are the most heavenly!—flowers, that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful, looks; partners of human joy; soothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes; welcome to the crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves!—flowers are in the volume of Nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of Revelation. What a desolate place would be the world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow creatures; for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good. Their growth is always over their grave; the spot of their bloom is so quickly the sepulchre of their beauty!

Physician—Is your dyspepsia of long standing?

Patient—Yes, it is a chronic case, doctor; I've been married thirty years.

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BLOOD POISON MAN'S GREATEST ENEMY

The disease that has done more than any other to wreck, ruin and humiliate life, is Contagious Blood Poison. Sorrow, shame and suffering go hand in hand with this great enemy, and man has always hated and fought it as he has no other disease. It is the most powerful of all poisons; no matter how pure the blood may be, when its virus enters, the entire circulation becomes poisoned and its chain of horrible symptoms begin to show. Usually the first sign is a small sore or ulcer, not at all alarming in appearance, but the blood is being saturated with the deadly poison, and soon the mouth and throat begin to ulcerate, the hair and eyebrows drop out, a red eruption breaks out on the body, copper-colored spots and sores make their appearance and the poison even works down into the bones and attacks the nerves. Not only is the disease hereditary, being transmitted from parent to child, in the form of scrofula, weak eyes, soft bones, weak, puny constitutions, etc., but is also so highly contagious that many a life has been ruined by a friendly hand shake, or from using the toilet articles of one infected with the poison. To cure this blighting, deadly curse the blood must be purified, and nothing will do it so quickly and surely as S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, drives out every particle of the poison and makes the blood clean and strong. It does not hide or cover up anything, but from the first begins to expel the poison and build up and strengthen the system. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable. We offer a reward of \$1,000 for proof that it contains a particle of mineral of any kind. Book on the disease, with instructions for home treatment, and any advice desired, without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Business Diplomacy.

The book agent had managed to gain an audience with the lady of the house by sending up an innocent-looking card. He no sooner began to state his business, however, than the lady called to a servant and said:

"James, show the gentleman the door."

"Thank you, James," said the wily agent, in a kindly tone, "but it will be unnecessary for you to trouble yourself. I saw the door as I came in, and I must say it is a handsome thing—indicating a home of culture and refinement. Now, madam," he continued, turning to the lady, "as I was saying, in order to introduce this grand work we are offering a limited number of copies to the leading society people of the city at the special price of only \$10. This is the first call I have made, as your name heads the list."

Note—He got the \$10.

Natural Bridge of Agate.

There is unending variety of marvelous sights to be seen in the petrified forest covering thousands of acres in the eastern part of Arizona, but what is regarded as the greatest of all is the bridge of petrified wood. It is a huge petrified tree trunk spanning a canyon-like ravine fifty feet wide—a bridge of agate and Jasper overhanging the only clump of living trees within the forest's borders. Each end of the log is embedded in shale and sandstone, leaving 100 feet of it either wholly or partly exposed. How much of its length still remains completely buried is unknown, but each year the action of the elements brings more into view.

So far, time has graciously spared the integrity of this natural curiosity, but in the last few years the log has begun to show signs of yielding to the natural inclination of petrified trees and in several places transverse cracks appear. Fearing that the bridge would tumble to destruction the government has recently had two stone abutments erected under it, making of it a bridge of three spans. This no doubt will preserve it for at least several years yet.

Liked Substantials.

Simoon Ford tells of some amusing experiences of a lady he knows who is most charitably disposed toward the poor of the slums. One day this worthy woman in the goodness of her heart visited a small boy in whom she was interested and who was convalescing from a long illness. With her she carried some fine fruit for the lad, but to her surprise the mother received the offering rather dubiously, evincing little appreciation of or gratitude for what the charitable lady thought would be most acceptable to the little sufferer.

When next the good Samaritan called at the place she asked the mother how the boy had enjoyed the fruit.

"Very well," was the laconic answer.

"And did he eat all of it?"

"Oh, yes," responded the mother, carelessly. "He got away with it all right; but the boy is like me, he don't care much for frills; likes something substantial and tasty; f'r instance, pig's feet."

Just of matrimony.

They had just commenced house-keeping.

"Clarence, dear," said bridelets, "I wish you would stop at the drug store as you come home to-night and get some sponges."

"All right, darling," responded the temporary head of the matrimonial combine. "How many do you want?"

"I don't know, love," she answered. "I guess—oh, well, just ask the man how many it takes to make a medium-size sponge cake."

Gray—Hello, Smith! How did you get your eye blacked in that artistic style?

Smith—Labor troubles.

Gray—With the union?

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TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.
Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.
Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.
Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.
Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.
Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.
Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.
Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.
Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.
If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.
For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.
202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.
South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.
An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.
Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.
There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.
South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?
An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.
Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.
202 SANSOME STREET. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

:::

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GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY.
Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.